

THE
POETICAL CALENDAR.

V O L IV.

F O R A P R I L.



**T H E
POETICAL CALENDAR.**

**CONTAINING
A C O L L E C T I O N
Of scarce and valuable
P I E C E S O F P O E T R Y :**

**With Variety of
ORIGINALS AND TRANSLATIONS,
BY THE MOST EMINENT HANDS.**

**Written and Selected
By FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.
And. WILLIAM WOTY.**

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION.

**L O N D O N :
Printed by DRYDEN LEACH;
For J. COOTE, at the King's Arms, in Pater-noster-Row.
MDCCLXIII.**

THE
BOTANICAL CALENDAR

CONTAINING

A COLLECTION

Of Names and Abbreviations



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ORIGINALS AND TRANSLATIONS

BY THE MOST EMINENT NATURALISTS

OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY FRANCIS TAYLOR, M.A.

AND WILLIAM WOTY

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

THE SECOND EDITION

LONDON

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MILNER

THE
POETICAL CALENDAR.

APRIL. AN ODE.

TO woo green April, lo the sun
That very form (which Jove put on
To bear Europa from her native land)
Assumes to win the queen of showers!
A new-blown primrose decks her hand,
Her taper waist a zone of flowers;
Like a young widow she appears
Shining thro' shades, and beautiful in tears.

Now genial nature every seed
Opens to grace the vernal mead,
The lark now ventures up the sapphire skies,
Tho' Zephyr shakes his madid wing,
Yet warmth awakes the embryo flies
To creep, and meet parental spring:
When lo! a shower of drizzling rain,
Or drowns, or drives them to their nests again!

Prolific mists o'er every rill
 Preside, and shade the distant hill;
 A tepid moisture gladdens every root,
 The husbandmen now pole and bind
 The hops, and bid the tendrils shoot,
 Thus guarded from the southern wind,
 While every vegetative power
 Imbibes young April's soft balsamic shower.

Mark! how each month's unwearied toil
 Successive cloaths, or strips the soil!
 From heat to cold they traverse thro' the sky,
 And yet unerring is the plan,
 And regular from hot to dry
 The calendar of social man!
 In no one track the steps appear,
 Yet all to one united centre steer.

W.

AN

A N O D E.

Stern winter now, by spring repress'd,
 Forbears the long-continued strife,
 And nature, on her naked breast,
 Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now, o'er the rural kingdom roves
 Soft Pleasure with her laughing train,
 Love warbles in the vocal groves,
 And vegetation paints the plain.

Unhappy! whom to beds of pain
 Arthritic tyranny consigns,
 Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
 Tho' rapture sings, and beauty shines.

Yet, tho' my limbs disease invades,
 Her wings imagination tries,
 And bears me to the peaceful shades,
 Where —'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
 Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
 Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
 Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me thro' the vales pursue
 A guide, a father, and a friend;
 Once more great nature's works review,
 Once more on wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd,
 Here let me learn the use of life,
 Then best enjoy'd, when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
 Cool meditation's quiet seat,
 The generous scorn of venal power,
 The silent grandeur of retreat.

When Pride, by guilt, to greatness climbs,
 Or raging factions rush to war,
 Here let me learn to shun the crimes
 I can't prevent, and will not share.

But, lest I fall by subtler foes,
 Bright wisdom, teach me Curio's art,
 The swelling passions to compose,
 And quell the rebels of the heart.

SPRING.

S A I N T P A U L R A B B I N G.

AN ODE.

BY W. WOTY.

Redeunt jam gramina campis,

Arboribusque comæ.

Hox.

A Gain the blossom'd hedge is seen ;
The turf again is dress'd in smiling green :

Again the lark ascends the sky,
Winnows the air, and lessens on the eye.

The swallow, that the meads forsook,
Revisits now, and skims along the brook.

The daw to steeple-top up-springs,
And the rook spreads his ventilating wings.

The feather'd tribe, on every spray,
Chant lively carols to the vernal day.

Each lengthening morn's diurnal light
Beams fresher beauties on the raptur'd sight.

The leaves hang clustering on the trees,
And Health comes riding on the tepid breeze ;

Where-e'er the goddess fans her way,
Creation feels her universal sway.

The garden moist with April showers,
Teems with a family of laughing flowers.

Not even a ray, or drop of rain,
 But what impregnates, or that shines in vain :
 Yet tho' the bounteous hand of heaven,
 All good, this liberality has given,
 Beyond our wishes amply kind,
 Ingratitude still stains the human mind :
 Man sees around celestial power,
 And thankless tastes the blessings of each hour :
 He reaps the produce of the plains,
 And meanly thinks it tribute for his pains.
 Fond wretch ! the fordid thought forbear,
 Nor to thy narrow self confine thy care ;
 For know, the Deity who gives to-day, [away.
 To-night may blast thy crops, and snatch thy soul

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY,

BEING THE FIRST OF APRIL.

LET others write for by-designs,
 I seek some moral in my lines,
 Which whosoever reads must bear,
 Or great, or learn'd, or young, or fair;
 Permit me then, with friendly lay,
 To moralize your April day.

Checquer'd your native month appears
 With sunny gleams, and cloudy tears;
 'Tis thus the world our trust beguiles,
 Its frowns as transient as its smiles;
 Nor pain nor pleasure long will stay,
 For life is but an April day.

Health will not always last in bloom,
 But age or sickness surely come;
 Are friends belov'd? why fate must seize
 Or these from you, or you from these:
 Forget not earnest in your play,
 For youth is but an April day.

When piety and fortune move
 Your heart to try the bands of love,

As far as duty gives you power,
 Guiltless enjoy the present hour:
 Gather your rose-buds while you may,
 For love is but an April day.

What clouds soe'er without are seen,
 Oh, may they never reach within !
 But virtue's stronger fetters bind
 The strongest tempest of the mind:
 Calm may you shed your setting ray,
 And sunshine end your April day.

STANZAS

STANZAS ON THE SPRING.

NOW from the southern climes returning spring
 Breathes fragrant odours o'er th' enamell'd
 The feather'd warblers flutter on the wing, [ground,
 And with their notes th' embowering woods
 resound.

The rising sun, when first he gilds the plains,
 Receives the tribute of the sylvan throng,
 And Philomela, fraught with tragic strains,
 Tunes, to the full-orb'd moon, her plaintive song.

Now blithsome Colin, with his oaten reed,
 Delights the listening swains in glade or grove;
 While Corydon, in yonder yellow mead,
 To Amaryllis tells his tale of love.

At evening hour the nymphs and swains advance,
 And rang'd in order on the plain are seen,
 In various orbs revolve the rustic dance,
 And beat with measur'd pace the level green.

The purple violet scents the mossy hill,
 And rich in bloom the fragrant hawthorn blows;
 While, near the margin of some brawling rill,
 The cowslip brightens, and the daisy glows.

The

The lawns, the mountains, and the vocal woods,
 The groves with leaves adorn'd, the fields with
 flowers,

The hills, the valleys, and the crystal floods,
 Rejoice, and seem to hail the vernal hours.

Hark ! how the birds in consort raise their notes ;
 And sweetly chant the renovated lay,
 'Tis nature's impulse tunes their warbling throats,
 To hail thee, Flora, goddess of the May.

To thee of old, on fair Aufonia's plains,
 (With ease and wealth by godlike Titus blest)
 The blooming virgins, and the jovial swains,
 Pour'd the full bowl, and pil'd the annual feast.

And still to thee, in fair Britannia's isle,
 When each revolving year renews the spring ;
 (Beneath great George ! while ease and plenty smile)
 My swelling lyre shall annual tribute bring.

Hail, Flora ! goddess, hail ! to thee belong
 Those strains Theocritus of old essay'd ;
 Be thine the lays ; be thine the tuneful song
 Of every British swain, and every beauteous maid.

IN-

INSCRIPTION FOR AN HERMITAGE.

Fond man, retire to this lone cell,
 And bid the busy world farewell :
 Ah ! quit the city's noisy scene
 For pleasures tranquil and serene ;
 Seek in this calm, this sweet recess
 The rose-lip'd cherub, happiness,
 That haunts the hermit's mossy floor,
 And simple peasant's rural door.
 How pleasing is yon oak's brown shade ?
 The spreading beech, th' adjacent glade ;
 The crystal streams that smoothly glide ;
 The warbling thrush at even-tide !
 Fond man, here sweetly may'st thou spend
 Thy fleeting days, nor fear thy end :
 Stealing thro' life, as thro' the plain
 Yon rill flows silent to the main.
 Here (when in russet vest the morn
 Walks o'er the mountain or the lawn)
 Thy early orisons begin,
 And live secure from woe and sin ;
 Here too, at evening's sober hour,
 Adore the great almighty power,
 The sovereign ruler of the skies,
 For ever just, and good, and wise.

ANA-

ANACREONTIC.

ON THE SPRING.

AS o'er the varied meads I stray,
 Or trace thro' winding woods my way,
 While opening flowers their sweets exhale,
 And odours breathe in every gale;
 Or, stretch'd beneath the beechen shade,
 Descry from far the sunny glade;
 Where sage Contentment builds her seat,
 And Peace attends the calm retreat;
 My soul responsive hails the scene,
 Attun'd to joy and peace within:
 But musing on the liberal hand
 That scatters blessings o'er the land;
 That gives for man, with power divine,
 The earth to teem, the sun to shine;
 My grateful mind with rapture burns,
 And pleasure to devotion turns.

THE

THE AFRICAN PRINCE,

NOW IN ENGLAND, TO ZARA AT HIS FATHER'S
COURT.

WROTE IN THE YEAR MDCCXLIX.

Princes, my fair, unfortunately great,
Born to the pompous vassalage of state,
Whene'er the public calls, are doom'd to fly
Domestic bliss, and break the private tie.
Fame pays with empty breath the toils they bear,
And love's soft joys are chang'd for glorious care.
Yet conscious virtue, in the silent hour,
Rewards the hero with a nobler dower.
For this alone I dar'd the roaring sea,
Yet more, for this I dar'd to part with thee.
But while my bosom feels the nobler flame,
Still unprov'd, it owns thy gentler claim.
Tho' virtue's awful form my soul approves,
'Tis thine, thine only, Zara, that it loves.
A private lot had made the claim but one,
The prince alone must love, for virtue, shun.
Ah! why, distinguish'd from the happier crowd,
To me the bliss of millions disallow'd?
Why was I singled for imperial sway,
Since love and duty point a different way?

Fix'd

Fix'd the dread voyage, and the day decreed,
 When, duty's victim, love was doom'd to bleed,
 Too well my memory can those scenes renew,
 We met to sigh, to weep our last adieu.
 That conscious palm, beneath whose towering shade
 So oft our vows of mutual love were made ;
 Where hope so oft anticipated joy,
 And plann'd of future years the blest employ ;
 That palm was witness to the tears we shed,
 When that fond hope, and all those joys were fled.
 Thy trembling lips, with trembling lips, I press'd,
 And held thee panting to my panting breast.
 Our sorrow, grown too mighty to sustain,
 Now snatch'd us, fainting, from the sense of pain.
 Together sinking in the trance divine,
 I caught thy fleeting soul, and gave thee mine.
 O ! blest oblivion of tormenting care !
 O ! why recall'd to life and to despair ?
 The dreadful summons came, to part—and why ?
 Why not the kinder summons but to die ?
 To die together were to part no more,
 To land in safety on some peaceful shore,
 Where love's the business of immortal life,
 And happy spirits only grieve at strife.
 “ If in some distant land my prince should find
 “ Some nymph more fair, you cried, as Zara kind”—
 Mysterious doubt ! which could at once impart
 Relief to mine, and anguish to thy heart.

Still

Still let me triumph in the fear express,
 The voice of love that whisper'd in thy breast;
 Nor call me cruel, for my truth shall prove
 'Twas but the vain anxiety of love.

Torn from thy fond embrace, the strand I gain,
 Where mourning friends inflict superfluous pain;
 My father there his struggling sighs suppress'd,
 And in dumb anguish clasp'd me to his breast,
 Then sought, conceal'd the conflict of his mind,
 To give the fortitude he could not find;
 Each life-taught precept kindly he renew'd,
 "Thy country's good, said he, be still pursued!
 "If, when the gods shall here my son restore,
 "These eyes shall sleep in death, to wake no more;
 "If then these limbs, that now in age decay,
 "Shall mouldering mix with earth's parental clay;
 "Round my green tomb perform the sacred rite,
 "Assume my throne, and let thy yoke be light;
 "From lands of freedom glorious precepts bring,
 "And reign at once a father and a king."

How vainly proud, the arrogantly great
 Presume to boast a monarch's godlike state!
 Subject alike, the peasant and the king,
 To life's dark ills, and care's corroding sting.
 From guilt and fraud, that strikes in silence sure,
 No shield can guard us, and no arms secure.
 By these, my fair, subdued, thy prince was lost,
 A naked captive on a barbarous coast.

Nurtur'd

Nurtur'd in ease, a thousand servants round,
 My wants prevented, and my wishes crown'd,
 No painful labours stretch'd the tedious day,
 On downy feet my moments danc'd away.
 Where-e'er I look'd, officious courtiers bow'd,
 Where-e'er I pass'd, a shouting people croud;
 No fears intruded on the joys I knew,
 Each man my friend, my lovely mistress you.
 What dreadful change! abandon'd and alone,
 The shouted prince is now a slave unknown;
 To watch his eye, no bending courtiers wait,
 No hailing crouds proclaim his regal state;
 A slave, condemn'd, with unteward'd toil,
 To turn, from morn to eve, a burning soil.
 Fainting beneath the sun's meridian heat,
 Rouz'd by the scourge, the taunting jest I meet:
 Thanks to thy friends, they cry, whose care recalls
 A prince to life, in whom a nation falls!
 Unwholsome scraps my strength but half sustain'd,
 From corners glean'd, and even by dogs disdain'd;
 At night I mingled with a wretched crew,
 Who by long use with woe familiar grew;
 Of manners brutish, merciless and rude,
 They mock'd my sufferings, and my pangs renew'd;
 In groans, not sleep, I pass'd the weary night,
 And rose to labour with the morning light.
 Yet, thus of dignity and ease beguil'd,
 Thus scorn'd and scourg'd, insulted and revil'd,

If

If heaven with thee my faithful arms had blest'd,
 And fill'd with love my intervals of rest,
 Short tho' they were, my soul had never known
 One secret wish to glitter on a throne;
 The toilsome day had heard no sigh of mine,
 Nor stripes, nor scorn, had urg'd me to repine.
 A monarch still beyond a monarch blest,
 Thy love my diadem, my throne thy breast;
 My courtiers, watchful of my looks, thy eyes
 Should shine, persuade, and flatter, and advise;
 Thy voice my music, and thy arms should be—
 Ah! not the prison of a slave in me!
 Could I with infamy content remain,
 And wish thy lovely form to share my chain?
 Could this bring ease? forgive th' unworthy thought,
 And let the love that sinn'd atone the fault.
 Could I, a slave, and hopeless to be free,
 Crawl, tamely recent from the scourge, to thee?
 Thy blooming beauties could these arms embrace?
 My guilty joys enslave an infant race?
 No: rather blast me lightnings, whirlwind tear,
 And drive these limbs in atoms thro' the air;
 Rather than this, O! curse me still with life,
 And let my Zara smile a rival's wife:
 Be mine alone th' accumulated woe,
 Nor let me propagate my curse below.
 But, from this dreadful scene, with joy I turn;
 To trust in heaven, of me let Zara learn.

The wretch, the fordid hypocrite, that sold
 His charge, an unsuspecting prince, for gold,
 That justice mark'd, whose eyes can never sleep,
 And death, commission'd, smote him on the deep.
 The generous crew their port in safety gain,
 And tell my mournful tale, nor tell in vain;
 The king, with horror of th' atrocious deed,
 In haste commanded, and the slave was freed.
 No more Britannia's cheek, the blush of shame,
 Burns for my wrongs, her king restores her fame:
 Propitious gales, to freedom's happy shore,
 Waft me triumphant, and the prince restore;
 Whate'er is great and gay around me shine,
 And all the splendor of a court is mine.
 And knowledge here, by piety refin'd,
 Sheds a blest radiance o'er my brightening mind;
 From earth I travel upward to the sky,
 I learn to live, to reign, yet more, to die.
 O! I have tales to tell, of love divine—
 Such blissful tidings! they shall soon be thine.
 I long to tell thee, what, amaz'd, I see,
 What habits, buildings, trades, and polity!
 How art and nature vie to entertain
 In public shows, and mix delight with pain.
 O! Zara, here, a story like my own,
 With mimic skill, in borrow'd names, was shown;
 An Indian chief, like me, by fraud betray'd,
 And partner in his woes an Indian maid.
 I can't recal the scenes, 'tis pain too great,
 And, if recall'd, should shudder to relate.

To write the wonders here I strive in vain,
 Each word would ask a thousand to explain.
 The time shall come, O! speed the lingering hour!
 When Zara's charms shall lend description power;
 When plac'd beside thee in the cool alcove,
 Or thro' the green Savannahs as we rove,
 The frequent kifs shall interrupt the tale,
 And looks shall speak my sense, tho' language fail.
 Then shall the prodigies, that round me rise,
 Fill thy dear bosom with a sweet surprize;
 Then all my knowledge to thy faithful heart,
 With danger gain'd, securely I'll impart.
 Methinks I see thy changing looks express
 Th' alternate sense of pleasure and distress;
 As all the windings of my fate I trace,
 And wing thy fancy swift from place to place.
 Yet where, alas! has flattering thought convey'd
 The ravish'd lover with his darling maid?
 Between us still unmeasur'd oceans roll,
 Which hostile barks infest, and storms controul.
 Be calm my bosom, since th' unmeasur'd main,
 And hostile barks, and storms, are God's domain:
 He rules resistless, and his power shall guide
 My life in safety o'er the roaring tide;
 Shall bless the love that's built on virtue's base,
 And spare me to evangelize my race.
 Farewell! thy prince still lives, and still is free:
 Farewell! hope all things, and remember me.

Z A R A,

AT THE COURT OF ANAMABOE, TO THE
AFRICAN PRINCE NOW IN ENGLAND.

Should I the language of my heart conceal,
Nor warmly paint the passion that I feel,
My rising wish should groundless fears confine,
And doubts ungenerous chill the glowing line,
Would not my prince, with nobler warmth, disdain
That love, as languid, which could stoop to feign?
Let guilt dissemble—in my faithful breast
Love reigns unblam'd, and be that love confess.
I give my bosom naked to thy view,
For what has shame with innocence to do?
In fancy, now, I clasp thee to my heart,
Exchange my vows, and all my joys impart.
I catch new transport from thy speaking eye;—
But whence this sad involuntary sigh?
Why pants my bosom with intruding fears?
Why from my eyes distil unbidden tears?
Why do my hands thus tremble as I write?
Why fades thy lov'd idea from my sight?
O! art thou safe on Britain's happy shore,
From winds that bellow, and from seas that roar?
And has my prince—(Oh, more than mortal pain!)
Betray'd by ruffians, felt the captive's chain?

Bound

Bound were those limbs ordain'd alone to prove
 The toils of empire, and the sweets of love ?
 Hold, hold ! Barbarians of the fiercest kind !
 Fear heaven's red lightning — 'tis a prince ye bind ;
 A prince, whom no indignities could hide,
 They knew, presumptuous ! and the gods defied.
 Where-e'er he moves let love-join'd reverence rise,
 And all mankind behold with Zara's eyes !

Thy breast alone, when bounding o'er the waves
 To freedom's climes, from slavery and slaves ;
 Thy breast alone the pleasing thought could frame
 Of what I felt, when thy dear letters came :
 A thousand times I held them to my breast,
 A thousand times my lips the paper prest :
 My full heart panted with a joy too strong,
 And " Oh my prince ! " died faltering on my tongue :
 Fainting I sunk, unequal to the strife,
 And milder joys sustain'd returning life.
 Hope, sweet enchantress, round my love-sick head
 Delightful scenes of blest delusion spread. [away ;

" Come, come, my prince ! my charmer ! haste
 " Come, come, I cried, thy Zara blames thy stay.
 " For thee the shrubs their richest sweets retain ;
 " For thee new colours wait to paint the plain ;
 " For thee cool breezes linger in the grove,
 " The birds expect thee in the green alcove ;
 " 'Till thy return the rills forget to fall,
 " 'Till thy return, the sun, the soul of all ! —

" He comes, my maids, in his meridian charms,

" He comes refulgent to his Zara's arms :

" With jocund songs proclaim my love's return ;

" With jocund hearts his nuptial bed adorn.

" Bright as the sun, yet gentle as the dove,

" He comes, uniting majesty and love." —

Too soon, alas ! the blest delusion flies ;

Care swells my breast, and sorrow fills my eyes.

Ah ! why do thy fond words suggest a fear ? —

Too vast, too numerous, those already here !

Ah ! why with doubts torment my bleeding breast,

Of seas that storms controul, and foes infect ?

My heart, in all this tedious absence, knows

No thoughts but those of seas, and storms, and foes.

Each joyless morning, with the rising sun,

Quick to the strand my feet spontaneous run :

" Where, where's my prince ! what tidings have ye

" brought ?"

Of each I met with pleading tears I sought.

In vain I sought — some, conscious of my pain,

With horrid silence pointed to the main ;

Some with a sneer the brutal thought express,

And plung'd the dagger of a barbarous jest ;

Day follow'd day, and still I wish'd the next,

New hopes still flatter'd, and new doubts perplex'd ;

Day follow'd day, the wish'd to-morrow came ;

My hopes, doubts, fears, anxieties the same.

At

At length—"O Power Supreme! whoe'er thou art,
 " Thy shrine the sky, the sea, the earth, or heart;
 " Since every clime, and all th' unbounded main,
 " And hostile barks, and storms, are thy domain,
 " If faithful passion can thy bounty move,
 " And goodness sure must be the friend of love,
 " Safe to these arms my lovely prince restore,
 " Safe to his Zara's arms, to part no more.
 " O! grant to virtue thy protecting care,
 " And grant thy love to love's availing prayer,
 " Together then, and emulous to praise,
 " A flowery altar to thy name we'll raise;
 " There, first and last, on each returning day,
 " To thee our vows of gratitude we'll pay."

Fool that I was, to all my comfort blind,
 Why, when thou went'st, did Zara stay behind?
 How could I fondly hope one joy to prove,
 'Midst all the wild anxieties of love?

Had fate, in other mold, thy Zara form'd;
 And my bold breast in manly friendship warm'd,
 How had I glow'd exulting at thy side!
 How all the shafts of adverse fate defied!
 Or yet a woman, and not nerv'd for toil,
 Oh! that with thee I'd turn'd a burning soil!
 In the cold prison had I lain with thee,
 In love still happy, we had still been free;
 Then fortune, brav'd, had own'd superior might,
 And pin'd with envy, while we forc'd delight.

Why shouldst thou bid thy love remember thee?
 Thine all my thoughts have been, and still shall be.
 Each night the cool Savannahs have I sought,
 And breath'd the fondness of enamour'd thought;
 The curling breezes murmur'd as I sigh'd,
 And hoarse, at distance, roar'd my foe the tide:
 My breast still haunted by a motley train,
 Now doubts, now hopes prevail'd, now joy, now pain.
 Now fix'd I stand, my spirit fled to thine;
 Nor note the time, nor see the sun decline;
 Now rous'd I start, and wing'd with fear I run,
 In vain, alas! for 'tis myself I shun.
 When kindly sleep its lenient balm supplied,
 And gave that comfort waking thought denied;
 Last night—but why, ah Zara! why impart
 The fond, fond fancies of a lovesick heart?
 Yet true delights on fancy's wings are brought,
 And love's soft raptures realiz'd in thought—
 Last night I saw, methinks I see it now—
 Heaven's awful concave round thy Zara bow;
 When sudden thence a flaming chariot flew,
 Which earth receiv'd, and six white coursers drew;
 Then—quick transition—did thy Zara ride,
 Borne to the chariot—wonderous—by thy side:
 All glorious both, from clime to clime we flew,
 Each happy clime with sweet surprize we view.
 A thousand voices sung—“ All blifs betide
 “ The prince of Lybia, and his faithful bride.”

“ 'Tis

" 'Tis done, 'tis done" resounded thro' the skies,
 And quick aloft the car began to rise ;
 Ten thousand beauties crouded on my sight,
 Ten thousand glories beam'd a dazzling light.
 My thoughts could bear no more, the vision fled,
 And wretched Zara view'd her lonely bed.—
 Come, sweet interpreter, and ease my soul ;
 Come to my bosom, and explain the whole.
 Alas! my prince—yet hold, my struggling breast!
 Sure we shall meet again, again be blest.
 " Hope all, thou say'st, I live, and still am free;"
 Oh then prevent those hopes, and haste to me.
 Ease all the doubts thy Zara's bosom knows,
 And kindly stop the torrent of her woes.—
 But, that I know too well thy generous heart,
 One doubt, than all, more torment would impart;
 'Tis this, in Britain's happy courts to shine,
 Amidst a thousand blooming maids, is thine—
 But thou, a thousand blooming maids among,
 Art still thyself, incapable of wrong ;
 No outward charm can captivate thy mind,
 Thy love is friendship heighten'd and refin'd ;
 'Tis what my soul, and not my form inspires,
 And burns with spotless and immortal fires.
 Thy joys, like mine, from conscious truth arise,
 And, known these joys, what others canst thou prize ?
 Be jealous doubts the curse of sordid minds,
 Hence, jealous doubts, I give ye to the winds.—

Once

Once more, O come! and snatch me to thy arms!
 Come, shield my beating heart from vain alarms!
 Come, let me hang enamour'd on thy breast,
 Weep pleasing tears, and be with joy distress'd!
 Let me still hear, and still demand thy tale,
 And, oft renew'd, still let my suit prevail!
 Much still remains to tell and to enquire,
 My hand still writes, and writing prompts desire;
 My pen denies my last farewell to write,
 Still, still, "return," my wishful thoughts indite:
 Oh hear, my prince, thy love, thy mistress call,
 Think o'er each tender name, and hear by all.
 Oh pleasing intercourse of soul with soul,
 Thus, while I write, I see, I clasp thee whole;
 And these kind letters trembling Zara drew,
 In every line shall bring her to thy view.
 Return, return, in love and truth excell;
 Return, I write; I cannot add Farewell.

ABELARD

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

* BY MR. WILLIAM PATTISON.

IN my dark cell, low prostrate on the ground,
 Mourning my crimes, thy letter entrance found;
 Too soon my soul the well-known name confest;
 My beating heart sprung fiercely in my breast:
 Thro' my whole frame a guilty transport glow'd,
 And streaming torrents from my eyes fast flow'd.
 O Eloisa! art thou still the same?
 Dost thou still nourish this destructive flame?
 Have not the gentle rules of peace and heaven
 From thy soft soul this fatal passion driven?
 Alas! I thought thee disengag'd and free;
 And can'st thou still, still sigh and weep for me?

* The editor of Poems by eminent ladies in two vol. 12mo. printed for R. Baldwin in 1755. have ascribed this poem to mrs. Madan, and paid her handsome compliments upon it; whereas mr. Pattison, late of Sidney Coll. Camb. is undoubtedly the author; it being printed among his poems, which were published A. D. 1728. In the memoirs of his life prefixed to his poems, page 42. there is likewise a letter dated York, Oct. 20. 1726. wherein this poem is mentioned as Pattison's, and much commended.

What

What powerful deity, what hallow'd shrine,
 Can save me from a love and faith like thine ?
 Where shall I fly, when not this awful cave,
 Whose rugged feet the surging billows lave ;
 When not these gloomy cloister's solemn walls,
 O'er whose rough sides the languid ivy crawls ;
 When my dread vows in vain their force oppose,
 Oppos'd to love—alas ! how vain are vows !
 In fruitless penitence I wear away
 Each tedious night ; each sad revolving day
 I fast, I pray ; and, with deceitful art,
 Veil thy dear image from my tortur'd heart :
 My tortur'd heart conflicting passions move,
 I hope, despair, repent—yet still I love.
 A thousand jarring thoughts my bosom tear,
 For thou, not God, O Eloise art there.
 To the false world's deluding pleasures dead,
 Nor longer by its wandering fires misled,
 In learn'd disputes harsh precepts I infuse,
 And give that counsel I want power to use.
 The rigid maxims of the grave and wise
 Have quench'd each milder sparkle of my eyes ;
 Each lovely feature of this well-known face,
 By grief revers'd, assumes a sterner grace.
 O Eloisa ! should the fates once more,
 Indulgent to my view, thy charms restore !
 How wouldst thou from my arms with horror start,
 To miss the form familiar to thy heart !

Nought

Nought could thy quick, thy piercing judgment see,
 To speak thy Abelard—but love of thee.
 Lean abstinence, pale grief, and haggard care,
 The dire attendants of forlorn despair,
 Have Abelard the young, the gay, remov'd,
 And in the hermit sunk the man you lov'd.
 Wrapt in the gloom these holy mansions shed,
 The thorny paths of penitence I tread;
 Lost to the world, from all its interests free,
 And torn from all my soul held dear in thee.
 Ambition, with its train of frailties gone,
 All love, all forms forgot, but thine alone.
 Amid the blaze of day, the dusk of night,
 My Eloisa rises to my sight:
 Veil'd, as in Paraclete's secluded towers,
 The wretched mourner counts the lagging hours;
 I hear her sighs, see the swift-falling tears,
 Weep all her griefs, and pine with all her cares.
 O vows! O convents! your stern force impart,
 And frown the melting phantom from my heart:
 Let other sighs a worthier sorrow show;
 Let other tears, for sin, repentant flow:
 Low to the earth my guilty eyes I roll,
 And humble to the dust my contrite soul.
 Forgiving power! thy gracious call I meet,
 Who first impower'd this rebel heart to beat;
 Who thro' this trembling, this offending frame,
 For nobler ends diffus'd life's active flame:

O change the temper of this labouring breast,
 And form anew each beating pulse to rest !
 Let springing grace, fair faith, and hope remove
 The fatal traces of destructive love ;
 Destructive love from its warm mansion tear,
 And leave no tracks of Eloisa there.
 Are these the wishes of my inmost soul ?
 Would I its softest, tenderest sense controul ?
 Would I this touch'd, this glowing heart refine
 To the cold substance of that marble shrine ?
 Transform'd like these pale swarms that round me
 Of blest insensibles—who know not love ? [move
 Ah ! rather let me keep this hapless flame ;
 Adieu, false honour ! unavailing fame !
 Not your harsh rules, but tender love supplies
 The streams that gush from my despairing eyes :
 I feel the traitor melt around my heart,
 And thro' my veins with treacherous influence dart.
 Inspire me, heaven ! assist me grace divine !
 Aid me, ye saints ! unknown to crimes like mine ;
 You who on earth serene all griefs could prove,
 All but the torturing pangs of hopeless love :
 A holier rage in your pure bosoms dwelt,
 Nor can you pity what you never felt.
 A sympathizing grief alone can cure ;
 The hand that heals must feel what I endure :
 Thou Eloise alone canst give me ease,
 And bid my struggling soul subside to peace ;

Restore

Restore me to my long-lost heaven of rest,
 And take thyself from my reluctant breast.
 If crimes like mine could an allay receive,
 That blest allay thy wonderous charms must give:
 Thy form, that first to love my heart inclin'd,
 Still wanders in my lost, my guilty mind:
 I saw thee as the new-blown blossoms fair,
 Sprightly as light, and soft as summer's air;
 Bright as their beams thy eyes a mind disclose,
 While on thy lips gay blush'd the fragrant rose:
 Wit, youth, and beauty, in each feature shone,
 Press'd by my fate, I gaz'd—and was undone!
 There died the generous fire, whose vigorous flame
 Enlarg'd my soul, and urg'd me on to fame;
 Nor fame, nor wealth, my soften'd heart could move,
 My heart, insensible to all but love!
 Snatch'd from myself my learning tasteless grew,
 Vain my philosophy oppos'd to you.
 A train of woes succeed, nor should we mourn
 The hours which cannot, ought not to return.
 As once to love I sway'd thy yielding mind,
 Too fond, alas!—too fatally inclin'd!
 To virtue now let me thy breast inspire,
 And fan with zeal divine the holy fire;
 Teach thee to injur'd heaven, all-chang'd, to turn,
 And bid thy soul with sacred raptures burn.
 O that my own example could impart
 This noble warmth to thy soft trembling heart!

That

That mine, with pious undissembled care,
 Might aid the latent virtue struggling there !
 Alas I rave ! nor grace, nor zeal divine,
 Burns in a breast o'erwhelm'd with crimes like mine.
 Too sure I find, while I the tortures prove
 Of feeble piety, conflicting love,
 On black despair my forc'd devotion built,
 Absence, to me, has sharper pangs than guilt.
 Ah ! yet, my Eloise, your charms I view,
 Yet breathe my sighs, my tears yet pour for you ;
 Each weak resistance stronger knits my chain,
 I sigh, weep, love, despair, repent—in vain.
 Haste, Eloisa, haste, your lover free,
 Amidst your warmer prayers, O think of me !
 Wing with your rising zeal my groveling mind,
 And let me mine from your repentance find :
 Ah ! labour, strive, your love, yourself controul,
 The change will sure affect my kindred soul ;
 In blest consent our purer sighs shall grieve,
 And heaven assisting shall our crimes forgive.
 But if unhappy, wretched, lost, in vain,
 Faintly th' unequal combat you sustain ;
 If not to heaven you feel your bosom rise,
 Nor tears refin'd fall contrite from your eyes ;
 If still your heart its wonted passions move,
 If still, to speak all pains in one—you love,
 Deaf to the weak essays of living breath,
 Attend the stronger eloquence of death.

When

When that kind power this captive soul shall free,
 (Which only then can cease to doat on thee)
 When gently sunk to my eternal sleep,
 The Paraclete my peaceful urn shall keep ;
 Then, Eloisa, then your lover view,
 See his quench'd eyes no longer fix'd on you ;
 From their dead orbs that tender utterance flown,
 Which first to yours my heart's soft tale made known ;
 This breast no more (at length to ease consign'd)
 Pant like the waving aspin in the wind ;
 See all my wild, tumultuous passions o'er,
 And you, amazing change ! belov'd no more ;
 Behold the destin'd end of human love—
 But let the sight your zeal alone improve :
 Let not your conscious soul, to sorrow mov'd,
 Recal how much, how tenderly I lov'd ;
 With pious care your fruitless grief restrain,
 Nor let a tear your sacred veil profane ;
 Nor even a sigh on my cold urn bestow,
 But let your breast with new-born raptures glow ;
 Let love divine frail mortal love dethrone,
 And to your mind immortal joys make known ;
 Let heaven relenting strike your ravish'd view,
 And still the bright, the blest pursuit renew ;
 So with your crimes shall your misfortunes cease,
 And your rack'd soul be calmly hush'd to peace.

ROSAMOND TO HENRY.

AN EPISTLE.

BY THE SAME.

*Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ**Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen**Integrât, et mœstis latè loca questibus implet.*

VIRG. GEORG.

From these lone shades, and ever-gloomy bowers,
 Once the dear scenes of Henry's softer hours!
 What tender strains of passion can impart
 The pangs of absence to an amorous heart!
 Far, far too faint the powers of language prove,
 Language that slow interpreter of love!
 Souls pair'd like ours, like ours to union wrought,
 Converse by silent sympathy of thought;
 O then, by that mysterious art, divine
 The wild impatience of my breast by thine!
 And, to conceive what I would say to thee,
 Conceive, my love, what thou wouldst say to me!

As in the tenderness of soul I sigh,
 Methinks I hear thy tender soul reply;
 And as in thought, o'er heaps of heroes slain,
 I trace thy progress on the fatal plain,

Perhaps

Perhaps thy thought explores me thro' the grove,
 And, softening, steals an interval of love;
 In the deep covert of a bowering shade
 Describes my posture—languishingly laid!
 Now, sadly solac'd with the murmuring springs,
 Now, melting into tears, the softest things!
 And how the feign'd ideas all agree!
 So bowers the shade, so melt my tears for thee!
 Here, as in Eden, once we blissful lay,
 How oft night stole, unheeded, on the day!
 Our soft-breath'd raptures charm'd the listening
 And all was harmony, for all was love! [grove,

But hark! the trumpet sounds! see discords rise!
 'Tis honour calls; from me my Henry flies! [eyes! }
 Honour, to him, more bright than Rosamonda's
 Not thus my honour with his passion strove,
 His sighs I pitied, and indulg'd his love:
 He then cried, "honour was an empty name,
 "And love a sweeter recompence than fame."

Oh! had I liv'd in some obscure retreat,
 Securely fair, and innocently sweet;
 How had I bless'd some humble shepherd's arms!
 How kept my fame as spotless as my charms!
 Then hadst thou ne'er beheld these eyes of mine,
 Nor they bewail'd the fatal power of thine!
 Dear fatal power! to me for ever dear—
 Fix'd in my tender breast, and rooted there!

For ever in my tender breast remain—

And be for ever a delightful pain !

With what surprize those glories first I view'd,
That in one moment my whole heart subdued !
With such resistless beams, so fierce they shone,
Not such the dazzling radiance of thy crown !
Sent from thy crown I never felt a dart ;
The lover, not the monarch, won my heart :
Nor e'er the monarch with such charms appears,
As when the lover's soften'd dress he wears :
As when he, silent, deigns my breast to seek,
And looks such language as no tongue can speak.

Whene'er my crimes (if love a crime can be,
If 'tis a crime to live, and die for thee !)
In hideous forms arise, and cloud my soul,
One thought of Henry can that gloom controul :
No more my breast alternate passions move,
The frosts of honour melt before the fires of love.

Again I must repeat that fatal hour,
Which snatch'd my Henry from his Woodstock
When mad Bellona, with tumultuous cries, [bower ;
The hero rouz'd, and drown'd the lover's sighs.
Stretch'd on my downy couch at ease I lay,
And fought by reading to beguile the day ;
With amorous strains I sooth'd a grateful fire,
And all the woman glow'd with soft desire.
'Till, as I wish'd, I heard the vocal breeze
Proclaim my Henry rustling thro' the trees ;

O'erjoy'd,

O'erjoy'd, I ran to meet thy longing arms,
 And taste a dear remembrance of thy charms;
 But soon I saw some sad conceal'd surprize,
 Fade on thy cheeks, and languish on thine eyes;
 Thro' each disssembled smile a sorrow stole,
 And whisper'd out the secret of thy soul.
 What this could mean uncertain to divine;
 No fault I knew, yet fear'd some fault was mine.
 But soon thy love dispell'd those airy fears,
 Dispell'd alas! — but brought too solid cares.
 For as with hands, entwin'd in hands, we walk'd,
 Of Love, and hapless lovers, still thou talk'd:
 Thy tears of pity answer'd each sad moan,
 And in their seeming miseries wept thy own.
 "I cannot leave her!" — I o'erheard thee say, —
 Pierc'd to the soul, I sunk, and died away:
 What art restor'd me, thou alone canst tell,
 For thy kind arms embrac'd me as I fell.
 My opening eyes fix'd on thy beauties hung,
 And my ears drank the cordial of thy tongue.
 Again my thoughts return with killing pain,
 Within thy arms I sink, and swoon again:
 Again thou dost my sweet physician prove,
 From death to life alternately I move,
 Now dead by anguish, now reviv'd by love.
 But when, without disguise, the truth I found,
 My agonizing sorrows knew no bound:

My locks I tore; then all-intranc'd I lay,
 'Till by degrees my grief to words gave way,
 And soft I cried,—"oh! stay, my Henry stay. }
 "One moment more!—add yet,—and yet, a kiss!—
 "Oh! give me thine, and take my soul in this!
 "Farewell!—perhaps, farewell for ever!—oh!
 "Who can sustain so dire a weight of woe?"

Ah! wretched maid!—alas! a maid no more!
 No herbs that spotless title can restore!
 Ah! who shall now protect thy injur'd fame?
 Who shield thy weakness from th' assaults of shame?
 Who lull thy anxious soul to balmy rest,
 If Henry, dearest Henry, flies thy breast?

Yet, tho' he flies, your wings, ye angels, spread,
 And hover guardians o'er my Henry's head!
 Who knows, but this kind prayer is pour'd too late,
 And he already struggles with his fate?
 Already wounded, pants, and gasps in death,
 And Rosamonda is his latest breath?

Propitious heaven! vouchsafe a gracious ear!
 Grant these be only phantoms of my fear:
 Heaven still is gracious, if true suppliants pray!
 And lo!—the foul chimeras fleet away!
 Transporting prospects to my wishes rise,
 Beam on my soul, and brighten in my eyes!
 He lives! he lives! I see his banner spread,
 And laurels wreath'd round the gay victor's head!

Ye winds! convey the news to Albion's floods!
 Ye floods! resound it to the joyous woods!
 Ye joyous woods! your tuneful choirs prepare
 To hail my hero from the toils of war!

Delusive scenes! too beautiful to stay!
 They fade in visionary streaks away.
 Alas! no lovely Henry now is nigh!
 His genius took his form to sooth my eye.
 No more I seem his melting voice to hear!
 Peace! babbling fountains! nor abuse my ear.
 Ye flowers! ye streams! ye gales, no longer move!
 For ah! how strong is fancy join'd with love!

O! frail inconstancy of mortal state!
 One hour dejected, and the next elate!
 Rais'd by false hopes, or by false fears deprest,
 How different passions sway the human breast!
 Now smiling pleasures with fair charms invite,
 Now frowning horrors with black trains affright.
 Future distrusts the present joys controul,
 And fancy triumphs o'er the reasoning soul.

As 'mid the trees I solitary rove,
 The trees awake some image of my love:
 Where-e'er their arms in amorous foldings join,
 My longing arms I spread to fold in thine.
 The beauteous flowers thy face reflected bear,
 (If flowers in beauty may with thee compare)
 Their wafted fragrances thy breath inspire,
 And my soul kindles with ideal fire!

The thick-weav'd shades, and grove incircling grove,
 Are emblems of th' eternity of love.
 My blushing guilt the crimson roses paint,
 And I, like roses, unsupported faint:
 Like theirs my youthful charms (if charms) consume,
 For love, a closer canker, eats my bloom.

How blest might other nymphs survey these scenes,
 Fountains, and shades, and hills, and flowery greens?
 Prospects on prospects might detain the sight,
 And still variety give new delight.
 But I, with thee, should find in deserts ease;
 Without thee, not even Paradise could please:
 Wilds, by thy presence, gardens would appear;
 Gardens are wilds, since Henry is not here.
 Let grottos sink, or porticos arise,
 Heedless I view them with unpleasur'd eyes:
 Their mantling umbrage cools the noon-day fire,
 But what can cool a lover's fierce desire?

In the deep bosom of a darksome shade,
 By baleful yew and mournful cypress made,
 A widow-turtle weeps her ravish'd love,
 And sorrowfully solaces the grove;
 Sometimes my passion I aloud disclose;
 The widow'd turtle, answering, cooes her woes.

Bred by my hand, my sorrow's sad relief,
 A little linnet learns to sigh my grief;
 Taught by my voice, and by obedience tame,
 The pretty lisper whistles Henry's name:

Perch'd

Perch'd on my head the sylvan syren'sings,
And tunes the harsher notes of gurgling springs.

Embosom'd in a vale, thou know'st the shade,
Fast by the murmurs of a soft cascade;
There, while one night full beams of Cynthia play,
(Warm was the night) with wanderings tir'd, I lay,
Till, by degrees, the falling waters clos'd
My eye-lids, and my wearied limbs repos'd.
Sudden the fairy monarch I behold,
Near he approach'd, and thus my fate foretold:
('Twas the same Oberon, that once we saw
Circle the green, and give his dancers law.)

“ Unhappy nymph! thy beauty is thy crime —
“ And must such beauty perish in its prime!
“ No more great Henry shall enjoy those charms,
“ Nor thou ill-fated fair adorn his arms!
“ Cropt like an opening rose, thy fall I fear!
“ But rise and supplicate the vengeance near.”

Then (as methought) I wak'd with threaten'd
Emerging from thick shades a phantom rose: [woes,
One hand sustain'd a short, but naked sword, —
And one a golden bowl with poison stor'd:
The jealous queen the frowning form express'd,
It spoke, and aim'd the dagger at my breast.

“ Arise! nor ask thy crime — but chuse thy fate,
“ Know prayers are vain — repentance is too late!
“ Vengeance is mine — Here! drink this poison'd
“ bowl,
“ Or this keen dagger drinks thy guilty soul!”

It ceas'd, : convulsions in my bosom strove,
 My curdling blood scarce in stiff tides could move.
 Thrice I cried, " Henry !" with a feeble sound,
 And thrice I started at the sad rebound !
 Even echo now grew frightful : with surprise
 Trembling I lay, nor dar'd unveil my eyes,
 'Till warbling birds proclaim'd the morning light,
 And told me, 'twas a vision of the night;
 Yet not the morn could chase my gloomy care,
 But winds and trees alarm'd my soul with fear;
 While waving boughs, that in the sun-beams play'd,
 Seem'd to show daggers in each pointed shade.

Why was I form'd with such a coward mind?
 The sport of shadows, or a rustling wind !
 Nerves, better strung, did manly spirits warm,
 Glad would I part with every female charm,
 Then, cas'd in steel, the front of battle dare,
 And, with great Henry, rouse the soul of war !
 This arm should guard the hero from the foe,
 Repel the storm, or intercept the blow ;
 And should my weakness in the warrior fail,
 The soft-beseeching woman should prevail ;
 For thee I'd sooth each proud insulting foe,
 And melt him with petitionary woe ;
 With thee in every hardy hazard join,
 In dangers save thy life to make it mine ;
 By night compose thy harass'd head to rest,
 And hush it on the pillow of my breast ;

With

With patient eyes eternal vigils keep,
And court good angels to protect thy sleep.

Alas! in vain I urge my frustrate will,
I find myself a feeble woman still;
The feeble woman to my breast returns,
For Henry's gone, and Rosamonda mourns!
O! see my eyes their streaming anguish pour,
O! hear my sighs increase the swelling shower;
What can I more than shed my tears and sighs?
Poor woman's strength alone in weakness lies.

But whither is ungovern'd fancy flown?
Thoughts of impossibilities be gone!
Guilt claims no miracles, nor heaven conspires
To aid my crimes, and fan my lawless fires.
Life irksome grows; detested is the light,
And my soul dreads the visions of the night.
Swift let me to some hallow'd convent go! —
Can I for ever Henry leave? — ah! no: —
But O lost innocence! — I lost a name: —
O honour! — broken is the bubble, fame.
Are my sins monstrous? do invented crimes,
Alike unknown to past or present times,
Demand red vengeance? some peculiar curse? —
Crowds stand recorded for the same, — or worse.
Have I, unpitying, heard the poor complain,
Or seen the wretched weep, and weep in vain?
Have I my flame feign'd for a sordid end?
E'er wrong'd a foe, or e'er betray'd a friend?

Not

Not to my charge such crimes has malice brought,
Love, only love, is my unbounded fault :

A fault, that sure may heaven to pity move,
Since half of heaven ('tis said) consists in love.

Ah ! foolish nymph !—Here, view the queen !
the laws !—

But there view Henry as th' enchanting cause !
By such a cause the priestess would retire,
And quit the vestal for a nobler fire.

I will again th' immortal powers implore ;
Brave Henry for Britannia's sake restore !
In him she lives, to him her joys are due,
And only sends her earliest thanks to you.
But O ! my lord, my darling lord, beware !
Tempt not too bold the dangers of the war !
Think, when thou seest the fate-impelling dart,
O ! think it aim'd at Rosamonda's heart !
Were but each breast as soft as mine, no more
Should tumults rise, or martial thunders roar :
Heroes should scorn the glories of the field,
And the fam'd laurel to the myrtle yield :
For sweeter passions sweeter strifes inspire,
And love alone should set the soul on fire.

May then these eyes in tears no longer mourn,
But cheerful hail their Henry's wish'd return !
O ! swift, victorious, hush the war's alarms !
Swift, if thy Rosamonda boasts some charms,
Fly on the wings of love and conquest to her arms !

HENRY

HENRY TO ROSAMOND.

AN EPISTLE.

BY THE SAME.

S Hall then his beauteous Rosamonda mourn,
 Nor Henry's soul the soft complaint return ?
 O cease, my fair ! I deeply feel thy smart,
 And all thy sorrows double in my heart :
 Far from my breast, ye scenes of war ! remove,
 Far from my breast be every scene but love ;
 Soft rising thoughts as when, in Woodstock-bowers,
 Joyful, we lov'd away the laughing hours.

Now midnight rest relieves the soldier's care,
 Hush'd are the drums, and every voice of war ;
 Faint gleam the fires along the dewy field,
 And faint the noise that sleeping couriers yield ;
 Yet love, the lordly tyrant of my breast,
 Alarms my soul, and interrupts my rest ;
 In vain a nation's cares the monarch move,
 For ah ! far greater is the monarch love !

Warm from my lips thy tender letter lies,
 And every word is magic to my eyes ;
 Weeping, I read, and hear thy soft-breath'd woes,
 And all the warrior in the lover lose :

Then

Then I by fancy vanish'd joys restore,
 Feast on false love, and act past pleasures o'er;
 Fancy can sooth my soul with pleasing dreams,
 While tented Gallia bowery Woodstock seems;
 Led by delusive steps, in thought, I rove
 Thro' well known greens, and every winding grove;
 There, haply on some flowery bank reclin'd,
 My sweet-reposing Rosamonda find;
 When thou (for then thy secret thoughts I see)
 In pious slumbers breath'st thy soul to me;
 Dissolv'd with joy, and feasting on thy charms,
 I clasp thee in imaginary arms;
 And then—ah then!—I seem sincerely blest—
 Then only Rosamonda knows the rest—

O glories! empires! crowns! how weak ye prove,
 If thus out-rivall'd by a dream of love!
 O love! what joys thy real sweets bestow,
 When even their shadows can transport me so!
 O bliss extatic! blest relief from cares!
 Thus let me lose my soul in softer wars!
 Be love's transporting sighs my sweet alarms,
 Nor worlds, but Rosamonda crown my arms!
 In her alone my full desires agree,
 Her charms are empires, glories, all to me!

ABELARD

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

BY THE LATE MR. CAWTHORNE, MASTER OF
TUNBRIDGE-SCHOOL.

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century: they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa: this occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted), which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

MR. POPE.

AH, why this boding start? this sudden pain,
That wings my pulse, and shoots from vein to
What mean, regardless of yon midnight bell, [vein?
These earth-born visions saddening o'er my cell?
What

What strange disorder prompts these thoughts to
glow?

These sighs to murmur, and these tears to flow?

'Tis she, 'tis Eloisa's form restor'd,

Once a pure faint, and more than saints ador'd:

She comes in all her killing charms confess,

Glares thro' the gloom, and pours upon my breast,

Bid heaven's bright guard from Paraclete remove,

And drags me back to misery and love.

Enjoy thy triumphs, dear illusion! see

This sad apostate from his God to thee;

See, at thy call, my guilty warmth return,

Flame thro' my blood, and steal me from my urn.

Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one effort try,

Ere the last lingering spark of virtue die;

The deadly charming forcerefs controul,

And spite of nature tear her from thy soul.

Long has that soul in these unsocial woods,

Where anguish mused, and where horror broods,

From love's wild visionary wishes stray'd,

And sought to lose thy beauties in the shade,

Faith dropt a smile, devotion lent her fire,

Woke the keen pang, and sanctified desire;

Led me enraptur'd to the blest abode,

And taught my heart to glow with all its God.

But oh, how weak fair faith and virtue prove!

When Eloisa melts away in love!

When

When her fond soul impassion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
 No joy forgotten, and no wish conceal'd,
 Flows thro' her pen as infant softness free,
 And fiercely springs in ecstasies to me.
 Ye heavens ! as walking in yon sacred fane
 With every seraph warm in every vein,
 Just as remorse had rous'd an aking sigh,
 And my torn soul hung trembling in my eye,
 In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
 I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the name ;
 The conscious lamps at once forgot to shine,
 Prophetic tremors shook the hallow'd shrine ;
 Priests, censers, altars from thy genius fled,
 And heaven itself shut on me while I read.

Dear smiling mischief ! art thou still the same,
 The still pale victim of too soft a flame ?
 Warm, as when first with more than mortal shine
 Each melting eye-ball mix'd thy soul with mine ?
 Have not thy tears for ever taught to flow,
 The glooms of absence, and the pangs of woe,
 The pomp of sacrifice, the whisper'd tale,
 The dreadful vow yet hovering o'er thy veil,
 Drove this bewitching fondness from thy breast ?
 Curb'd the loose wish, and form'd each pulse to rest ?
 And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant knee
 To love's dead shrine, and weep and sigh for me ?
 Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
 Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms :

No, fly me, fly me, spread th' impatient sail,
 Steal the lark's wing, and mount the swiftest gale;
 Skim the last ocean, freeze beneath the pole;
 Renounce me, curse me, root thee from thy soul;
 Fly, fly, for justice bares the arm of God;
 And the grasp'd vengeance only waits his nod.

Are these my wishes? can they thus aspire?
 Does phrenzy form them, or does grace inspire?
 Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
 Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel?
 Teach thy enamour'd spirit to disown
 Each human warmth, and chill thee into stone?
 Ah, rather let my tenderest accents move
 The last wild tumults of unholy love!
 On that dear bosom trembling let me lie,
 Pour out my soul, and in fierce raptures die,
 Rouze all my passions, act my joys anew,
 Farewell, ye cells! ye martyr'd saints! adieu:
 Sleep conscience, sleep! each awful thought be
 drown'd;

And seven-fold darkness veil the scene around.
 What means this pause, this agonizing start?
 This glimpse of heaven quick-rushing thro' my
 Methinks I see a radiant cross display'd, [heart?
 A wounded saviour bleeds along the shade;
 Around th' expiring God bright angels fly,
 Swell the loud hymn, and open all the sky:

O save me, save me, ere the thunders roll,
And hell's black caverns swallow up my soul.

Return, ye hours ! when guiltless of a stain,
My strong-plum'd genius throb'd in every vein,
When warm'd with all th' Ægyptian fanes inspir'd,
All Athens boasted, and all Rome admir'd ;
My merit in its full meridian shone,
Each rival blushing, and each heart my own.
Return, ye scenes ! ah no, from fancy fly,
On time's stretch'd wing, till each idea die,
Eternal fly, since all that learning gave
Too weak to conquer, and too fond to save,
To love's soft empire every wish betray'd,
And left my laurels withering in the shade.
Let me forget, that while deceitful fame
Grasp'd her shrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
Thy stronger charms, impower'd by heaven to move
Each faint, each blest insensible to love,
At once my soul from bright ambition won,
I hugg'd the dart, I wish'd to be undone ;
No more pale science durst my thoughts engage,
Insipid dulness hung on every page ;
The midnight lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
No more my spirit flew from maze to maze :
Thy glances bade philosophy resign
Her throne to thee, and every sense was thine.

But what could all the frosts of wisdom do,
Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you ?

Since these dark, cheerless, solitary caves,
 Death-breathing woods, and daily-opening graves,
 Mis-shapen rocks, wild images of woe,
 For ever howling to the deeps below ;
 Ungenial deserts, where no vernal shower
 Wakes the green herb, or paints th' unfolding flower ;
 Th' imbrowning glooms these holy mansions shed,
 The night-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
 The dismal scenes black melancholy pours
 O'er the sad visions of enanguish'd hours ;
 Lean abstinence, wan grief, low-thoughted care,
 Distracting guilt, and hell's worst fiend, despair,
 Conspire, in vain, with all the aids of art,
 To blot thy dear idea from my heart.

Delusive, fightless god of warm desire !
 Why would'st thou wish to set a wretch on fire ?
 Why lives thy soft divinity where woe
 Heaves the pale sigh, and anguish loves to glow ?
 Fly to the mead, the daisy-painted vale,
 Breathe in its sweets, and melt along the gale ;
 Fly where gay scenes luxurious youths employ,
 Where every moment steals the wing of joy ;
 There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy throne,
 Devoted slaves and victims all thy own :
 Each village-swain the turf-built shrine shall raise,
 And kings command whole hecatombs to blaze.

O memory ! ingenious to revive
 Each fleeting hour, and teach the past to live,

Witness

Witness what conflicts this frail bosom tore!
 What griefs I suffer'd! and what pangs I bore!
 How long I struggled, labour'd, strove to save
 An heart that panted to be still a slave!
 When youth, warmth, rapture, spirit, love, and flame,
 Seiz'd every sense, and burnt thro' all my frame;
 From youth, warmth, rapture, to these wilds I fled,
 My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
 There, while these venerable cloisters rise
 O'er the bleak surge, and gain upon the skies,
 My wounded soul indulg'd the tear to flow
 O'er all her sad vicissitudes of woe;
 Profuse of life, and yet afraid to die,
 Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,
 With ceaseless prayers, the whole artillery given
 To win the mercies of offended heaven,
 Each hill, made vocal, echoed all around,
 While my torn breast knock'd bleeding on the
 Yet, yet, alas! tho' all my moments fly [ground.
 Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a sigh;
 Tho' meagre fasts have on my cheek display'd
 The dusk of death, and sunk me to a shade,
 Spite of myself the still-impoisoning dart
 Shoots thro' my blood, and drinks up all my heart;
 My vows and wishes wildly disagree,
 And grace itself mistakes my God for thee.

Athwart the glooms, that wrap the midnight sky,
 My Eloisa steals upon my eye;

For ever rises in the solar ray,
 A phantom brighter than the blaze of day:
 Where-e'er I go, the visionary guest
 Pants on my lip, or sinks upon my breast;
 Unfolds her sweets, and, throbbing to destroy,
 Winds round my heart in luxury of joy;
 While loud hosannas shake the shrines around,
 I hear her softer accents in the sound;
 Her idol-beauties on each altar glare,
 And heaven much-injur'd has but half my prayer:
 No tears can drive her hence, no pangs controul,
 For every object brings her to my soul.

Last night, reclining on yon airy sleep,
 My busy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep;
 The breathless whirlwinds slept in every cave,
 And the soft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave;
 Each former bliss in this bright mirror seen,
 With all my glories, dawn'd upon the scene,
 Recall'd the dear auspicious hour anew,
 When my fond soul to Eloisa flew:
 When, with keen speechless ecstasies oppress'd,
 Thy frantic lover snatch'd thee to his breast,
 Gaz'd on thy blushes arm'd with every grace,
 And saw the goddess beaming in thy face;
 Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent wishes move
 Each pulse to rapture, and each glance to love.
 But lo! the winds descend, the billows roar,
 Foam to the clouds, and burst upon the shore,

Vast

Vast peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll;
 The flame-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to
 At once the pleasing images withdrew, [pole.
 And more than horrors crowd'd on my view;
 Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
 Serenely dreadful stalk'd along the shade;
 Pierc'd by his sword, I sunk upon the ground,
 The spectre ghastly smil'd upon the wound;
 A group of black infernals round me hung,
 And toss'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.

Detested wretch! how impotent thy age!
 How weak thy malice! and how kind thy rage!
 Spite of thyself, inhuman as thou art,
 Thy murdering hand has left me all my heart;
 Left me each tender, fond affection, warm,
 A nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm.
 No, cruel, cruel, exquisite in ill,
 Thou thought'st it dull barbarity to kill;
 My death had robb'd lost vengeance of her toil,
 And scarcely warm'd a Scythian to a smile:
 Sublimar furies taught thy soul to glow
 With all their savage mysteries of woe;
 Taught thy unfeeling poniard to destroy
 The powers of nature, and the source of joy;
 To stretch me on the racks of vain desire,
 Each passion throbbing, and each wish on fire;
 Mad to enjoy, unable to be blest,
 Fiends in my veins, and hell within my breast.

Aid me, fair faith! assist me, grate divine!
 Ye martyrs! bless me, and ye saints! refine,
 Ye sacred groves! ye heaven-devoted walls!
 Where folly sickens, and where virtue calls;
 Ye vows! ye altars! from this bosom tear
 Voluptuous love, and leave no anguish there:
 Oblivion! be thy blackest plume display'd
 O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the shade;
 And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend,
 While awful reason whispers in the friend;
 Friend, did I say? immortals! what a name?
 Can dull, cold friendship, own so wild a flame?
 No; let thy lover, whose enkindling eye
 Shot all his soul between thee and the sky,
 Whose warmth bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd
 Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue, [song
 Now strongly rouse, while heaven his zeal inspires,
 Diviner transports, and more holy fires;
 Calm all thy passions, all thy peace restore,
 And teach that snowy breast to heave no more.

Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
 By angels guarded, and by vows secur'd,
 To all that once awoke thy fondness dead,
 And hope, pale sorrow's last sad refuge, fled;
 Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt in vain,
 Brod o'er false joys, and hug th' ideal chain?
 Say, canst thou wish, that, madly wild to fly
 From yon bright portal opening in the sky,

Thy

Thy Abelard should bid his God adieu,
 Pant at thy feet, and taste thy charms anew ?
 Ye heavens ! if, to this tender bosom woo'd
 Thy meer idea harrows up my blood ;
 If one faint glimpse of Eloise can move
 The fiercest, wildest agonies of love ;
 What shall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
 Thy whole effulgence flows upon my sight ?
 Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
 And learn to be an abbess in thy heart ;
 See, while devotion's ever-melting strain
 Pours the loud organ thro' the trembling fane,
 Yon pious maids each earthly wish disown,
 Kiss the dread cross, and croud upon the throne :
 O let thy soul the sacred charge attend,
 Their warmths inspirit, and their virtues mend ;
 Teach every breast from every hymn to steal
 The seraph's meekness, and the seraph's zeal ;
 To rise to rapture, to dissolve away
 In dreams of heaven, and lead thyself the way,
 Till all the glories of the blest abode
 Blaze on the scene, and every thought is God.
 While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
 And make each vestal spotless as her veil,
 Th' eternal spirit o'er thy cell shall move
 In the soft image of the mystic dove ;
 The long-lost gleams of heavenly comfort bring,
 Peace in his smile, and healing on his wing ;

At

At once remove affliction from thy breast,
Melt o'er thy soul, and hush her pangs to rest.

O that my soul, from love's curst bondage free,
Could catch the transports that I urge to thee!
O that some angel's more than magic art
Would kindly tear the hermit from his heart!
Extinguish every guilty sense, and leave
No pulse to riot, and no sigh to heave.
Vain fruitless wish! still, still, the vigorous flame
Bursts, like an earthquake, thro' my shatter'd frame;
Spite of the joys that truth and virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breath not but to love;
Repent in vain, scarce wish to be forgiven;
Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heaven.

Yet, yet, my fair! thy nobler efforts try,
Lift me from earth, and give me to the sky;
Let my lost soul thy brighter virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy zeal.
And when, low-bending at the hallow'd shrine,
Thy contrite heart shall Abelard resign;
When pitying heaven, impatient to forgive,
Unbars the gates of light, and bids thee live;
Seize on th' auspicious moment ere it flee,
And ask the same immortal boon for me.

Then when these black, terrific scenes are o'er,
And rebel nature chills the soul no more;
When on thy cheek th' expiring roses fade,
And thy last lustres darken in the shade;

When

When arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
 Or creeping dully flow from vein to vein,
 Pale death shall set my kindred spirit free,
 And these dead orbs forget to doat on thee;
 Some pious friend, whose wild affections glow
 Like ours, in sad similitude of woe,
 Shall drop one tender, sympathizing tear,
 Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier;
 Our lifeless reliques in one tomb enshrine,
 And teach thy genial dust to mix with mine.

Mean while, divinely purg'd from every stain,
 Our active souls shall climb th' ethereal plain,
 To each bright cherub's purity aspire,
 Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire;
 There, where no face the glooms of anguish wears,
 No uncle murders, and no passion tears,
 Enjoy with heaven eternity of rest,
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

THE

THE ORIGIN OF DOUBT.

When Jove at first from nothing call'd forth all,
 And various beings fill'd this pendant ball,
 In rank superior to our boasted race,
 Subaltern gods, now seldom seen, had place:
 Immortal these, but of a doubtful birth,
 And all with man joint sojourners on earth.
 Sacred, to some bright nymph, was every tree,
 To Naiads brooks, to Nereids all the sea.
 By Jove in mercy to her care consign'd
 Reason, bright empress! claim'd the human mind.
 Not the pure radiance that resides above,
 And guides the councils of immortal Jove,
 But humbler far, tho' honour'd with the name,
 And less in power, in essence though the same.
 With Man coeval Time began to be,
 Form'd from an atom of eternity.
 Earth's genial power produc'd a giant-son,
 Ignorance his name, a wretch belov'd of none:
 From these deriv'd, a motley race began,
 Not kind with kind commixing, as in man.

Time, in the youth of all that vigorous power
 Which still sustains him in his waning hour,
 Smit with fair Reason bright in blooming charms,
 Clasp'd the consenting goddess in his arms;

Nor

Nor barren joys the fond embrace bestows,
 A lovely daughter hence, fair Knowledge, rose ;
 Favour'd by both, of Time and Reason bred,
 The father nurs'd her, and the mother fed ;
 Her charms improving as her stature grew,
 Unknown desir'd, and lov'd by all who knew :
 Truth's radiant hand adorn'd her form with care,
 And Virtue, fondly smiling, call'd her fair.

Fast, by the foot of proud Parnassus stood,
 Remote from vulgar view, a sacred wood,
 Here Contemplation keeps her hallow'd court,
 And young Ideas on the breezes sport,
 Celestial truths in holy dreams are taught,
 And busy Silence plumes the wings of Thought.

Here Knowledge, shelter'd from the noontide ray,
 Frequent was wont with chaste delight to stray.
 Yet none, not deities, if born below,
 The fates exempt from violence and woe ;
 For here as once she sate in thought profound,
 Her mind in heaven, her eyes upon the ground,
 And mus'd on man's free-will, Jove's fixt decrees,
 On choice, on prescience which all future sees,
 On acts impell'd by motives strong as fate,
 Rewarded, punish'd, in an endless state,
 On chance, necessity, effect and cause,
 Great nature's end, and truth's eternal laws,
 Lo ! the huge form of Ignorance appear'd,
 Whom known by instinct, she by instinct fear'd.

With

With terror wing'd the virgin flies the place,
 The monster follows with unequal pace:
 Tho', fir'd with brutal rage, he perseveres,
 The widening distance half dispell'd her fears;
 When now, too much elated with her speed,
 Her lifted eyes no more her footsteps heed,
 She stumbles, falls, the ravisher is nigh;
 'Tis vain to plead, impossible to fly:
 His idiot form compress'd the trembling maid,
 And his rude joys prophan'd the conscious shade;
 But from the loath'd embrace the pregnant dame
 Conceive'd a son, and Doubt (when born) his name,
 Fond of his mother's virtues to partake,
 Who shuns and hates him for his father's sake.

SOME

S O M E L I N E S

OCCASIONED BY A SERIES OF THEOLOGICAL
ENQUIRIES.

S Hall man, who blindly wanders nature thro',
Dark and impervious to his nearest view;
Shall he, to God, his eye presumptuous turn,
And hope from whence, and what he is, to learn!

O! first and last! O! greatest, wisest, best!
To thee be still my prayers and praise address,
Nor let me boast that I to ask am free,
How He now is, who ne'er began to be;
How love immense, that form'd creation's plan,
Could unexerted lie, till time began;
Or if all nature's works and all their laws
Are co-eternal with their parent-cause,
Spontaneous beaming with dependent ray,
As from the sun the light that gives the day;
If all the vast immensity of space
Is fill'd with beings of an endless race;
Or, if some narrower bounds the work confine,
And why thus bounded love and power divine;
Whence the deep shades of sin and sorrow came,
And evil mingled with the general frame;
Why spread the dark dominions of the grave,
Or why I wish more virtue than I have.

These

These secret things to none but Thee are known,
 Veil'd in the darkness that surrounds thy throne.
 O! let my soul be still content to know
 Thy love, thy wisdom rules the world below.
 Secure, my lot the blessing or the rod,
 To find a father where I trace the God;
 While hope by thee permitted looks on high,
 And, as her portion, meditates the sky,
 Safe in the path which terminates above,
 Secur'd from wandering, while I walk by love. —
 O! brighter still illumine the social flame,
 Thy shining image! in my filial frame;
 By just gradation let my love ascend,
 All else my neighbours, thou alone my friend.

TO

TO SIR HUMPHRY MACKWORTH,
ON THE MINES, LATE OF SIR CARBERRY PRICE.
BY THE LATE MR. YALDEN.

WHat spacious veins enrich the British soil,
The various ores, and skilful miner's toil;
How ripening metals lie conceal'd in earth,
And teeming Nature forms the wondrous birth;
My useful verse, the first, transmits to fame,
In numbers tun'd, and no unhallow'd flame.

O generous Mackworth! could the muse impart
A labour worthy thy auspicious art;
Like thee succeed in paths untrod before,
And secret treasures of the land explore;
Apollo's self should on the labour smile,
And Delphos quit for Britain's fruitful isle.

Where fair Sabrina flows around the coast,
And aged Dovey in the ocean's lost,
Her lofty brows unconquer'd Britain rears,
And fenc'd with rocks impregnable appears;
Which like the well-fix'd bars of nature show,
To guard the treasures she conceals below.
For Earth, distorted with her pregnant womb,
Heaves up to give the forming embryo room:

Hence vast excrescencies of hills arise,
 And mountains swell to a portentous size.
 Louring and black the rugged coast appears,
 The sullen earth a gloomy surface wears;
 Yet all beneath, deep as the centre, shines
 With native wealth, and more than India's mines.
 Thus erring Nature her defects supplies,
 Indulgent oft to what her sons despise:
 Oft in a rude, unfinish'd form, we find
 The noblest treasure of a generous mind.

Thrice happy land! from whose indulgent womb,
 Such unexhausted stores of riches come!
 By heaven belov'd! form'd by auspicious fate,
 To be above thy neighbouring nations great!
 Its golden sands no more shall Tagus boast,
 In Dovey's flood his rivall'd empire's lost;
 Whose waters now a nobler fund maintain,
 To humble France, and check the pride of Spain.
 Like Egypt's Nile the bounteous current shows,
 Dispersing blessings wherefoe'er it flows;
 Whose native treasure's able to repair
 The long expences of our Gallic war.

The antient Britons are a hardy race,
 Averse to luxury and slothful ease;
 Their necks beneath a foreign yoke ne'er bow'd,
 In war unconquer'd, and of freedom proud;
 With minds resolv'd they lasting toils endure,
 Unmix'd their language, and their manners pure.

Wifely does nature such an offspring chuse,
 Brave to defend her wealth, and slow to use.
 Where thirst of empire ne'er inflames their veins,
 Nor avarice, nor wild ambition reigns :
 But, low in mines, they constant toils renew,
 And thro' the earth their branching veins pursue.

As when some navy on th' Iberian coast,
 Chas'd by the winds, is in the ocean lost ;
 To Neptune's realms a new supply it brings,
 The strength design'd of European kings :
 Contending divers would the wreck regain,
 And make reprisals on the grasping main :
 Wild in pursuit they are endanger'd more,
 Than when they combated the storms before.
 The miner thus thro' perils digs his way,
 Equal to theirs, and deeper than the sea ;
 Drawing, in pestilential steams, his breath,
 Resolv'd to conquer, tho' he combats death.
 Night's gloomy realms his pointed steel invades,
 The courts of Pluto, and infernal shades :
 He cuts thro' mountains, subterraneous lakes,
 Plying his work, each nervous stroke he takes }
 Loosens the earth, and the whole cavern shakes.
 Thus, with his brawny arms, the Cyclops stands,
 To form Jove's lightning with uplifted hands ;
 The ponderous hammer with a force descends,
 Loud as the thunder which his art intends ;

And as he strikes, with each resistless blow
The anvil yields, and Ætna groans below.

Thy fam'd inventions, Mackworth, most adorn
The miner's art, and make the best return :
Thy speedy sails, and useful engines, show
A genius richer than the mines below.
Thousands of slaves unskill'd Peru maintains ;
The hands that labour still exhaust the gains :
The winds, thy slaves, their useful succour join,
Convey thy ore, and labour at thy mine ;
Instructed by thy arts, a power they find
To vanquish realms, where once they lay confin'd.

Downward, my muse, direct thy steepy flight,
Where smiling shades, and bounteous realms invite ;
I first of British bards invoke thee down,
And first with wealth thy graceful temples crown,
Thro' dark retreats pursue the winding ore,
Search nature's depths, and view her boundless store ;
The secret cause in tuneful measures sing,
How metals first are fram'd, and whence they spring.
Whether the active sun, with chymic flames,
Thro' porous earth transmits his genial beams ;
With heat impregnating the womb of night,
The offspring shines with its paternal light :
On Britain's isle propitiously he shines,
With joy descends, and labours in her mines,
Or whether, urg'd by subterraneous flames,
The earth ferments, and flows in liquid streams ;

Purg'd

Purg'd from their dross, the nobler parts refine,
 Receive new forms, and with fresh beauties shine.
 Thus fluid parts, unknowing how to burn,
 With cold congeal'd, to solid metals turn :
 For metals only from devouring flame
 Preserve their beauty, and return the same ;
 Both art and force the well-wrought mass disdains,
 And 'midst the fire its native form retains.
 Or whether by creation first they sprung,
 When yet unpois'd the world's great fabric hung :
 Metals the basis of the earth were made,
 The bars on which its fix'd foundation's laid :
 All second causes they disdain to own,
 And from th' Almighty's Fiat sprung alone.

Nature in specious beds preserves her store,
 And keeps unmix'd the well-compacted ore ;
 The spreading root a numerous race maintains
 Of branching limbs, and far-extended veins :
 Thus, from its watery store, a spring supplies
 The lesser streams that round its fountain rise ;
 Which bounding out in fair meanders play,
 And o'er the meads in different currents stray.

Methinks I see the rounded metal spread,
 To be ennobled with our monarch's head :
 About the globe th' admired coin shall run,
 And make the circle of its parent sun.

How are thy realms, triumphant Britain, blest !
 Enrich'd with more than all the distant west !

Thy sons, no more betray'd with hopes of gain,
 Shall tempt the dangers of a faithless main,
 Traffic no more abroad for foreign spoil,
 Supplied with richer from their native soil.
 To Dovey's flood shall numerous traders come,
 Employ'd to fetch the British bullion home,
 To pay their tributes to its bounteous shore,
 Returning laden with the Cambrian ore.
 Her absent fleet Potosi's race shall mourn,
 And wish in vain to see our sails return ;
 Like misers heaping up their useless store,
 Starv'd with their wealth, amidst their riches poor.
 Where-e'er the British banners are display'd,
 The suppliant nations shall implore our aid :
 Till thus compell'd, the greater worlds confess
 Themselves oblig'd, and succour'd by the less.

How Cambria's mines were to her offspring
 Thus sacred verse transmits the story down : [known,
 Merlin, a bard of the inspired train,
 With mystic numbers charm'd the British plain ;
 Belov'd by Phoebus, and the tuneful nine,
 His song was sacred, and his art divine :
 As on Sabrina's fruitful banks he stood,
 His wondrous verse restrain'd the listening flood ;
 The stream's bright Goddess rais'd her awful head,
 And to her cave the artful shepherd led.
 Her swift-descending steps the youth pursues,
 And rich in ore the spacious mountain views.

In beds distinct the well-rang'd metals lay,
 Dispersing rays, and counterfeiting day.
 The silver, shedding beams of orient light,
 Struck with too fierce a glare his aking sight;
 Like rising flames the ruddy copper show'd,
 And spread its blushes o'er the dark abode:
 Profuse of rays, and with unrivall'd beams,
 The liquid silver flow'd in restless streams:
 Nor India's sparkling gems are half so bright,
 Nor waves above, that shine with heavenly light;
 When thus the Goddess spake; harmonious Youth,
 Rever'd for numbers fraught with sacred truth!
 Belov'd by heaven! attend while I relate
 The fix'd decree, and dark events of fate.
 Conceal'd these treasures lie in nature's womb,
 For future times, and ages yet to come.
 When many long revolving years are run,
 A hero shall ascend the British throne,
 Whose numerous triumphs shall Augusta grace,
 In arms renown'd, ador'd for plenteous peace.
 Beneath his sway a generous youth shall rise,
 With virtues blest, in happy councils wise;
 Rich with the spoils of learning's various store,
 Commanding arts, yet still acquiring more.
 He, with success, shall enter this abode,
 And nature trace in paths before untrod;
 The smiling offspring from her womb remove,
 And with her entrails glad the realms above.

O youth, reserv'd by more auspicious fate,
 With fam'd improvements to oblige the state!
 By wars impoverish'd, Albion mourns no more,
 Thy well-wrought mines forbid her to be poor:
 The earth, thy great exchequer, ready lies,
 Which all defect of failing funds supplies;
 Thou shalt a nation's pressing wants relieve,
 Not war can lavish more than thou canst give.

This, Mackworth, fixes thy immortal name,
 The muse's darling, and the boast of fame;
 No greater virtues on record shall stand, [land.
 Than thus with arts to grace, with wealth enrich the

AN EPIGRAM,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF A DEARLY BE-
LOVED AND ONLY DAUGHTER, WHO DIED IN
THE ELEVENTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

WROTE BY HER MOURNING FATHER.

A Common theme a flattering muse may fire,
To raise our passions, tho' she sung for hire;
And may our praises or our pity steal,
By feigning transports, which she does not feel;
But when the song from native love proceeds,
And paints the anguish of a heart that bleeds;
The mourning muse exerts superior skill,
And dips in tears th' inconsolable quill;
Our bosoms then with rising sorrows glow,
And grief spontaneous will from nature flow.

Ah! what is life, that thoughtless wish of all?
A drop of honey, in a draught of gall;
A half existence, or a waking dream;
A bitter fountain with a muddy stream;
A tale, a shadow, a delusive sound,
That's lost with mourning, and with sorrow found;
A fading landscape, painted upon clay,
The source of care, and idol of a day;

The

The sweet deluder of a restless mind,
Which, if 'twas lost, how few would wish to find!

Untimely thus, the infant-budding rose,
By some rude hand is cropt before it blows;
Away the little soul of fragrance flies,
And blooming beauty unregarded dies,
Snatch'd from the parent stem where once it grew,
Embalm'd in odours, and the morning dew.

Can I be dumb, when Love and Nature cries,
And I have lost the darling of my eyes?
Tho' 'tis in vain to wish for her return,
Yet all the ties of Nature bid me mourn.
If thou canst still the unrelenting sea,
And make the jarring elements agree;
Or cause the tide to cease to ebb and flow;
Or hinder the descent of hail and snow;
If thou canst stop the thunder's dreadful roar,
Or cause the billows not to lash the shore;
If thou canst lull a hurricane to sleep;
Then may thy words persuade me not to weep.
O! give me leave, but to lament her fall,
As David mourn'd for Jonathan and Saul;
When on mount Gilboa (O unhappy day!)
They to Philistia fell a shameful prey:
Or (if it may with innocence be done)
As he lamented Absalom his son;
When in the anguish of his soul he cried,
"Would God, my son, I in thy place had died!"
Then

Then lend your aid (if any such there be,
 That lov'd a child, or mourn for one like me)
 Let your kind sighs with me in concert join,
 And add your sympathizing tears to mine,
 That may in streams to swelling rivers flow,
 Until those rivers to a deluge grow.

But if there's none commiserates my case,
 And in no breast compassion finds a place,
 Let not your censures add to my concern,
 Nor slight the cause that moves me thus to mourn.
 If you are void of trouble, free from pain,
 Add not to mine, nor wonder I complain.
 I know the stroke is from the hand divine,
 To whom I may complain; tho' not repine.
 Tho' I deplore my loss, and wish it less,
 Yet I will kiss the rod, and acquiesce;
 A Saviour's blood shall supersede my fears,
 And love paternal justify my tears.

When Death at first besieg'd this little fort,
 The feeble outworks were the tyrant's sport;
 A fever made the first attack in form,
 And then convulsions took it soon by storm.
 Succours without were weak, like those within,
 The guards were sickly, and the walls were thin;
 In bad repair the gates and citadel,
 And then no wonder that so soon it fell;
 Death's icy hands the lovely fabric spoil'd;
 He got a victim, but I lost my child. —

Five mournful days with trembling hand and heart,
 I play'd the whole artillery of art;
 Five nights I pass'd in sorrow, like the day,
 And almost mourn'd my own sad life away;
 But when the most, that art could do, was tried,
 Her lease of life was cancell'd, and she died:—
 “She died,”—the conscious, whispering winds
 And I (unhappy father!) saw her die! [reply,
 I saw her die!—Can I the deed forgive?
 How can I bear to say I did—and live!

Tho' long her reason suffer'd an eclipse,
 No sinful word proceeded from her lips;
 Tho' fore oppress'd with agonizing pain,
 She utter'd nothing indiscreet, or vain;
 Which gives me hopes her soul was wash'd from sin,
 And grace abounding was at work within.

Whilst nature yet maintain'd a doubtful strife,
 And death sat brooding on the verge of life:
 Even then—when all the hopes of life were fled,
 I and the angels waiting round her bed,
 (They to conduct her to the realms of day,
 And I, to weep, to sigh, to mourn, to pray,)
 I kiss'd her lips, I wip'd her dying face,
 And took the father's and the nurse's place;
 With bleeding heart I heard her dying groans,
 And met with equal agony, her moans:
 Each sigh was as a dagger in my heart,
 We knew we must, but oh! were loth to part!

I mourn'd, I wept, I gave a loose to grief,
 And had recourse to all things for relief;
 But all in vain—the last effort I make,
 I gave—but oh! she had not strength to take:
 Her fluttering pulse with intermission play'd,
 And then her heart its palpitation stay'd;
 And thus thro' all the forms of death she pass'd;
 'Till with a sigh she gently breath'd her last.

But who can paint the horror, or the power
 Of nature's conflict in so dark an hour?
 The wound was such, that time can never heal,
 No balm can cure it, and no art conceal.
 May that sad day be banish'd from the year,
 Or cloath'd in fable, if it must appear!
 Or, may the sun withdraw his beams at noon,
 And solid darkness veil the stars and moon!
 May all the sands be stagnant in the glass,
 And (as that hour returns) refuse to pass!
 All clocks be dumb, and time forget to fly,
 And may all nature be as sad as I!
 Let mourning in its blackest dress appear!
 And she be never nam'd, without a tear!

Oh! where are now those dear obedient hands,
 So pleas'd to execute my whole commands?
 Where are those feet, so early taught to run?
 As lightning swift, unwearied as the sun?
 Where now those arms, that with such passion strove
 To clasp my neck, and stifle me with love?

Where

Where now those lips, where mine were fond to dwell,
 Or where that breath, that ravish'd with the smell?
 Where is that tongue, whose prattle charm'd mine
 Where fled the hopes of my declining years? [ears?
 Where is that face, so pleasant when she smil'd?
 Or where's the woman acting in the child?
 Where those dear eyes, that with such sweetness shone?
 Or rather, where are all my comforts gone?
 Where is that heart, so near to truth allied,
 That never disobey'd—but when she died?
 Where is that breast, where virtue once did grow,
 As roses sweet, and white as falling snow?
 They're buried all in the voracious grave,
 Where kings are levell'd with the meanest slave.
 The wise and great, when there they make their bed,
 Are equal'd with the wretch that begs his bread;
 But there the wicked can no more oppress,
 And there the weary find a calm recess;
 And this does all my expectations crown,
 That I to her shall there go quickly down.
 Till then, this hope shall mitigate my woe,
 And dry those tears that now profusely flow,
 That when by heaven's command I quit the stage,
 Bow'd down by time, and quite fatigued with age;
 My bones shall rest in quiet by her side,
 Like a fond bridegroom sleeping by his bride;
 Till the last day shall both to life restore,
 When Death shall die, and Time shall be no more.

This

This distant view does equal pleasure give,
As now my soul is conscious that I live.

And thou that once wast my delight and pride,
In whom I hop'd to have a nurse and guide,
When feeble age should bow my hoary head,
And pain or sickness fix me to my bed,
If I may, guiltless, call upon thy name,
And ask a boon, without incurring blame:
Tho' thou art happy now amongst the blest,
Indulge thy mourning father's last request.

When some kind angel from this world below,
Shall bring the news (for sure the angels know)
And shall to thee and kindred spirits tell,
That mine has orders to forsake her shell;
And be transplanted to the realms of light,
Where faith and hope are swallow'd up in sight,
Do thou with heavenly raptures meet my ghost,
On th' utmost limits of that happy coast;
And thence attend me to the throne of grace,
To view my Saviour's reconciled face,
And taste of joys, ineffable and new;
Till then, my little saint, adieu, adieu.

ON THE PHYSICAL CAUSE OF THE

DEATH OF KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

THro' grief to death men oft have stole,
 And baffled all the physio art;
 Dissection seldom found the hole,
 Or shew'd before a broken heart.

That this of royal George the case
 With men can never gain belief,
 More like the opposite it was,
 Since joy can kill as well as grief.

With length of years and glory crown'd,
 As blithe he view'd his valiant bands,
 Death, dealing secretly the wound,
 From future conquests stopt his hands.

" Enough of years, enough of fame,
 " While thou didst wield the conquering sword,"
 Cries Death, " Leave something to proclaim
 " The worth and praise of George the third.

" His be the glorious task to end,
 " And bid war's cruel horrors cease,
 " The freedom of mankind defend,
 " And bless a jarring world with peace."

J. T.

CORYDON. A PASTORAL.

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

BY J. CUNNINGHAM.

Come, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
 And see our lov'd Corydon laid;
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
 Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
 They call'd him the pride of the plain:
 In sooth he was gentle and kind;
 He mark'd in his elegant strain
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
 That birds in the covert might dwell:
 He cultur'd his thyme for the bees;
 But never once rifled their cell.
 Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
 Go bleat—and your master bemoan:
 His music was artless and sweet,
 His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear,
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,
 And winter encompass the year;

No birds in our hedges shall sing,
 (Our hedges so vocal before !)
 Since he that should welcome the spring,
 Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phillis was proud of his praise,
 And poets came round in a throng ;
 They listen'd — and envied his lays ;
 But which of them equall'd the song ?
 Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
 For lost is the pastoral strain :
 So give me my Corydon's flute,
 And thus — let me break it in twain !

MORN-

M O R N I N G

BY THE SAME.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock)
And proclaims the morning nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire;
And the peeping sun-beam now
Paints with gold the village-spire.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale;
And the new-wak'd liddings crop
Daifies round the dewy vale.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to greet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the clay-built cottage-ridge,
See the chattering swallow spring!
Darting thro' the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Lo, the busy bees employ'd!
 Restless till their task be done!
 Now from sweet to sweet, uncloy'd,
 Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling thro' the crevic'd rock,
 See the silver stream distill!
 Sweet refreshment for the flock,
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hill!

Ploughmen, for the promis'd corn
 Ripening o'er the banks of Tweed,
 Anxious hear the huntsman's horn,
 Soften'd by the shepherd's reed.

Sweet, oh sweet, the warbling throng,
 On the white emblossom'd spray!
 All is music, mirth, and song,
 At the jocund dawn of day.

NOON.

N O O N.

BY THE SAME.

FErvid now the sun-beam glows,
 Drinking deep the morning gem :
 Not a dew-drop's left the rose,
 To refresh her parent stem.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
 From the fierce meridian heat
 Shelter'd by the branching pines,
 Pendent o'er his grassy feat.

See, the flocks forfake the glade,
 Where uncheck'd the sun-beams fall,
 Sure to find a pleasing shade,
 By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo, in her airy round
 O'er the river, rock, and hill,
 Cannot catch a single sound,
 Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the breezes bland,
 Where the streamlet wanders cool ;
 Or with languid silence stand
 Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
 Not a fluttering zephyr springs;
 Fearful lest the piercing beam
 Scorch its soft, its filken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir;
 Nature's lull'd, serene and still;
 Quiet even the shepherd's cur,
 Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
 Till the fresh descending shower
 Kindly cools the thirsty ground,
 And revives each fainting flower.

Now the hill, the hedge, is green,
 Now the warbler's throat's in tune;
 Blithsome is the vernal scene,
 Brighten'd by the beams of noon.

EVEN-

E V E N I N G.

BY THE SAME.

AS the plodding ploughman goes
 Homeward, (to the hamlet bound)
 Giant-like his shadow grows,
 Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

O'er the mead the bullock strays
 Free—the furrow'd task is done;
 And the village windows blaze,
 Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Mark him, from behind the hill,
 Strike the purple-painted sky;
 Can the pencil's mimic skill
 Copy the refulgent dye?

Where the rising forest spreads
 Round the time-decaying dome,
 To their high-built airy beds
 See the rooks returning home!

As the lark, with varied tune,
 Carrols to the evening, loud,
 Mark the mild resplendent moon
 Breaking thro' a parted cloud!

Now the hermit howlet peeps
 From the barn, or twisted brake,
 And the curling vapour creeps
 O'er the lilly-border'd lake :

As the trout, in speckled pride,
 Playful, from its bosom springs,
 To the banks a ruffled tide
 Verges in successive rings.

Tripping thro' the filken grafs,
 O'er the path-divided dale,
 See, the rose-complexion'd lasfs
 With the well-pois'd milking-pail !

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
 And the cuckoo bird with two,
 Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
 Bid the setting fun adieu.

O N M A Y.

WROTE IN APRIL MDCCLXI.

BY THE SAME.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows ;
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above ;
We shepherds, that live on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of love.

From the west, as it wantonly blows,
Fond zephyr caresses the pine ;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine :
The pinks by the rivulet's side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downwards to kiss the soft tide,
For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing ;
He flutters in bridal array :
If the larks and the linnets now sing,
Their music is taught them by May.

The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond blifs in the grove;
 And murmuring seems to repeat,
 That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit you soon;
 Ye virgins, be sportive and gay;
 Get your pipes, oh ye shepherds, in tune,
 For music must welcome the May.
 Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove,
 Let him tell a soft tale, and he'll find,
 That May is the mother of love.

CON-

CONTRASTE TO MRS. CARTER'S

ODE TO WISDOM.

NOW see my goddess, earthly born,
 With smiling looks, and sparkling eyes,
 And with a bloom that shames the morn
 New risen in the eastern skies!

Furnish'd from nature's boundless store,
 A nymph of pleasure's laughing train,
 Stranger to all the wise explore,
 She proves all far-sought knowledge vain.

Untaught as Venus, when she found
 Herself first floating on the sea,
 And laughing begg'd the Tritons round
 For shame to look some other way:

And unaccomplish'd all as Eve
 In the first morning of her life,
 When Adam blush'd, and ask'd her leave
 To take her hand, and call her Wife.

Yet there is something in her face,
 Tho' she's unread in Plato's lore,
 Might bring even Plato to disgrace,
 For leaving precepts taught before:

And there is magic in her eye,
 Tho' she's unskill'd to conjure down
 The pale moon from th' affrighted sky,
 Would draw Endymion from the moon:

And there are words that she can speak,
 Most easy to be understood,
 More sweet than all the heathen Greek
 By Helen talk'd, when Paris woo'd:

And she has raptures in her power,
 More worth than all the flattering claim
 Of learning's unsubstantial dower,
 In present praise, or future fame.

Let me but kiss her soft warm hand,
 And let me whisper in her ear
 What Knowledge would not understand,
 And Wisdom would disdain to hear:

And let her listen to my tale,
 And let one smiling blush arise,
 Best omen that my vows prevail!
 I'll scorn the scorn of all the wise.

ON

ON THE ROYAL NUPTIALS.

BY JOSEPH SPENCE, M. A. REGIUS-PRO-
FESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY.

AT length the gallant navy from afar
Rises in prospect, with expanded wings
Improving the kind gale, so long delay'd;
And wins in pompous pride her easy way
To Albion's shore, charg'd with the precious freight
Of England's dearest hopes, and George's love.
Not so desir'd, nor with such treasure fraught,
Arrives the wealthy convoy, from the coast
Of Ceylon or Golconda; laden deep
With spicy drugs, barbaric gems, and gold.
Nor he who circled in his daring course
The globe entire, old Ocean's utmost round,
Brought back so rich a prize, tho' with the spoils
Of proud Iberia loaded he return'd;
Or captive in his halbers when he dragg'd
The vanquish'd Gallic fleets; as now he brings,
More welcome, from Germania's friendly shore.

Hail kindred regions, dear parental soil,
Saxonian plains! where deep Visurgis flows,
Where Leina's doubly-honour'd waters glide,
Where mighty Albis draws his humid train!
England to you with grateful homage pays

Filial

Filial obeysance meet: to you she owes
 Her name, her tribes, her generous race; to you
 Her first, her latest blessings. Forth from you
 Issued our fires, old Woden's high-born sons;
 Great Woden deem'd a god, with uncouth rites
 By his rude offspring worshipp'd: they their course
 Adventurous steer'd to these alluring shores.
 First Hengist, valiant chief; nor yet less wise
 Than valiant: he the Cantian world obtain'd,
 His new domain; yielded by social league,
 Or won by fair Rowena's conquering charms.
 Next Ella, Cerdic, and th' intrepid race
 Of Anglians from Eythora's northern stream,
 Pour'd in their numerous hosts: nor British prowess,
 Nor Merlin's spells, nor Arthur's puissant sword,
 Hight Caliburn, fam'd in romantic tale,
 Could long withstand th' impetuous onset bold
 Of our great fires in battle. Soon they rais'd
 On Britain's ruins seven imperial thrones;
 Seven thrones conjoin'd at length in Cerdic's race:
 From whose high source the stream of regal blood,
 Thro' the long line of English monarchs, flows
 Down to th' illustrious house of Lunenbourg,
 From antient Brunswic nam'd, (Brunswic, the seat
 Primeval of Saxonian chieftains old)
 To George, great heir of Anglo-Saxon kings.

And Thou, Saxonia's brightest ornament
 Erewhile, now England's boast, and highest pride,

Welcome

Welcome to these congenial shores ; to this
 Ambiguous land, another Saxony.
 See thine own people, thy compatriot tribes,
 With heart-felt joy, and zealous loud acclaim,
 Thy blest arrival hail. Tho' sever'd long
 From their original soil, on foreign stock
 Tho' grafted, not degenerate : still within
 Works the wild vigour of the parent root.
 Rough, hardy, brave ; by force intractable,
 Or lawless rule ; patient of equal sway ;
 With civil freedom tempering regal power.
 Be this thy better country ; nor regret
 Thy natal plains, tho' dear : here thou shalt find
 What largely shall o'erpay thy loss. Lo ! here
 Thy Parent, Brother, Friend, all charities
 Compris'd in one, thy consort, with fond wish,
 Expects thee ; scepter'd George, with every grace
 Adorn'd ; yet more renown'd for virtue's praise,
 Faith, honour, in green years wisdom mature,
 True majesty with awful goodness crown'd.
 He shall assuage thy grief : his thoughtful breast,
 Studious of England's glory and Europe's weal,
 Thou in return shalt sooth with tender smiles,
 Endearing blandishment, and equal love.
 Nor shall, heaven's gift, fruit of the genial bed
 Be wanting ; pledge of public happiness
 Secure ; dear source of long domestic joys.
 Here shalt thou reign, a second Caroline ;

Dis-

Diffusing from the throne a milder ray,
 Soft beauty's unexpressive influence sweet.
 Prompt to relieve th' oppress'd; to wipe away
 The widow's tears; to call forth modest worth;
 To cherish drooping virtue: patroness
 Of science and of arts; friend to the muse,
 Of every grateful muse the favourite theme.

Hail, sovereign lady, dearest dread! accept
 Even now this homage of th' officious muse,
 That on the verge extreme of Albion's cliff
 With gratulation thy first steps prevents,
 Tho' mean, yet ardent; and salutes thine ear
 With kindred accents in Teutonic lays.

THE

EPISTLE TO A LADY.

BY THE REV. MR. P.

O H, born to bless some youth unknown,
 F—, thy beauties all will own;
 Yet all who know you will confess
 Your beauty than your merit less.
 One who deserves you would you chuse?
 Accept this offering of my muse:
 She paints—ah, hardly paints from life,—
 Him, who alone should call you wife,
 That dear, dear name in which are join'd
 All that can charm or sooth the mind.

Let me, my fair, direct your choice,
 For that alone is my advice.
 Rules for behaviour I'll not give,
 Those from an abler hand receive,
 For them to Lyttleton attend,
 He, tho' a poet, is a friend,
 And trust me, I, my gentle dame,
 Altho' no poet, am the same.

Would you be happy? — Yes, you wou'd:
 Then let the favour'd youth be good,
 Else every tender thought remove,
 Where there's no virtue, far be love,

But where bright glows that heavenly flame,
Virtue and love become the same.

Scorning the pert, the dull, the vain,
'The wretch who thirsts for sordid gain,

Let fair sincerity and truth
Adorn thine only-favour'd youth,

To these humility be join'd,
That fairest virtue of the mind.

Mark well his looks: let them impart
The genuine fondness of the heart,

That ever in the looks appears
A fondness form'd of hopes and fears.

Mark his behaviour: love inspires
Respectful awe amidst its fires,

His trembling hand to yours when join'd,
Speaks the soft awe that fills his mind,

His words, his actions should proclaim
A pure, a true, and real flame.

Before let cheerfulness divine
Inspire the heart that's made for thine,

For that, when join'd with manly sense,
Pleasures perpetual will dispense.

These virtues let us now unite
To place them in the fairest light,

And see how lovely they'll appear:—
He must be good, must be sincere,

Be true, be humble, and his love
Be pure as virtue may approve,

Respectful fondness must he show,
 And round him cheerfulness must throw
 Her pleasing light, her beams divine,
 To make his virtues brighter shine.

Thus have I drawn th' ideal man
 That may deserve deserving ***.
 And know you none whom this is like?
 None where resemblance strong may strike?
 Or is there this distinguish'd one? —
 Be he or not as yet unknown
 Have him, my lovely maid, or none.

On foreign or on English ground
 If this deserving youth be found,
 In whom these merits all combine,
 Bring him to me to make him thine:
 I'll exercise my magic powers,
 And date from thence your happiest hours.

But if, rejecting my advice,
 As fancy's form, and over-nice,
 To one unlike you'll give your charms,
 And take th' unworthy to your arms,
 Trust me, my office I'll decline;
 The hateful deed shall ne'er be mine,
 Merit, with all its charms, to give
 Where there's no merit to receive.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

ÆT. XIX. WRITTEN MDCCLIX.

BY THE SAME.

Daughter of God, Religion, lend thine aid,
Descend, descend, all-powerful as thou art,
From thy bright throne above, celestial maid,
Pour thy soft balm upon the sorrowing heart.

Say, sweet restorer, who could ever know
A wound like that for which our sorrows pour ?
Did ever mourners feel sincerer woe ?
Or deeper grief thy sovereign help implore ?

Glow'd not her heart with pure devotion warm ?
There were pure faith and holy love impress ;
Was she not good as hope itself could form ?
Spoke not her open looks a spotless breast ?

She was—oh come, Religion, heavenly fair !
Loose these dire bonds that fix us to the earth ;
Not what she was, but what she is, declare,
And paint the glories of her second birth.

Paint

Paint her ascending to th' ethereal height,
 Where hymning saints her blest arrival greet,
 Paint her pure spirit clad in robes of light,
 With trembling joy before the mercy-seat.

Exhaustless splendor beams around the throne,
 While from the midst God's awful voice is heard—
 " Servant of God, well done: thy faith is known,
 " Eternal glories be the great reward."

Oh words of rapture! which seraphic lyres
 Harmonious catch, and in their strains return;
 The stranger spirit glows with heavenly fires,
 And boundless joys within her bosom burn;

A rose-lip'd angel, Purity divine,
 (Bright is her form, and white her flowing vest,
 Around her beams celestial ceaseless shine,
 And those on whom she smiles are ever blest:)

Leads the young seraph to a glorious throne,
 Presents a golden harp and starry wreath;
 There ever shall she dwell in bliss unknown,
 There ever the Almighty's praises breathe.

THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade;

And buckles to his one-horse chair

Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;

While wedg'd in closely by his side

Sits madam, his unwieldy bride,

With Jacky on a stool before 'em;

And out they jog in due decorum.

Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,

How all the country seems to smile!

And as they slowly jog together,

The cit commends the road and weather;

While madam doats upon the trees,

And longs for every house she sees;

Admires its views, its situation,

And thus she opens her oration.

“ What signify the loads of wealth,

“ Without that richest jewel health?

“ Excuse the fondness of a wife,

“ Who doats upon your precious life:

“ Such ceaseless toil, such constant care

“ Is more than human strength can bear.

“ One may observe it in your face—

“ Indeed, my dear, you break apace:

“ And

" And nothing can your health repair,
 " But exercise, and country air.
 " Sir Traffick has a house, you know,
 " About a mile from Cheney Row :
 " He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true,
 " But not so warm, my dear, as you :
 " And folks are always apt to sneer—
 " One would not be outdone, my dear."

Sir Traffick's name so well applied,
 Awak'd his brother merchant's pride ;
 And Thrifty, who had all his life
 Paid utmost deference to his wife,
 Confess'd, her arguments had reason ;
 And by th' approaching summer season
 Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
 And purchases his country box.

Some three or four miles out of town,
 (An hour completely brings you down,)
 He fixes on his choice abode,
 Not half a furlong from the road :
 And so convenient does it lay,
 The stages pass it every day :
 And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
 To have a house so near the city :
 Take but your places at the Boar,
 You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose 'em fix'd at last,
 White-washing, painting, scrubbing past ;

Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fufs of moving over :
Lo ! a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head.

“ Well, to be sure, it must be own'd

“ It is a charming spot of ground :

“ So sweet a distance for a ride ;

“ And all about so countrified !

“ 'Twould come to but a trifling price

“ To make it quite a paradise.

“ I cannot bear those nasty rails,

“ Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales :

“ Suppose, my dear, instead of these,

“ We build a railing all Chinese.

“ Altho' one hates to be expos'd,

“ 'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd,

“ Rural retirement, pray, d'ye term it ?

“ Lard, it is living like a hermit.

“ One hardly any object fees —

“ I wish you'd fell those odious trees ;

“ 'Twould make a much more cheerful scene —

“ I'm tir'd with everlasting green.

“ Objects continual passing by

“ Were something to amuse the eye :

“ But to be pent within the walls,

“ One might as well be at St. Paul's.

“ Our house beholders would adore,

“ Was there a level lawn before ;

“ Nothing

" Nothing its views to incommode,
 " But quite laid open to the road ;
 " While every traveller in amaze
 " Should on our little mansion gaze,
 " And, pointing to the choice retreat,
 " Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's country-seat."

No doubt her arguments prevail,
 For madam's taste can never fail.

Blest age ! when all men may procure
 The title of a connoisseur ;
 When th' noble and ignoble herd
 Are govern'd by a single word ;
 Tho', like the royal German dames,
 It bears an hundred christian names :
 As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
 Whim, Caprice, Je ne sçai quoi, Virtû :
 Which appellations all describe
 Taste, and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
 With Chinese artists and designers,
 Produce their schemes of alteration
 To work this wond'rous reformation.
 The useful dome, which secret stood
 Embosom'd in the yew-trees wood,
 The traveller with amazement sees
 Chang'd to a temple tout Chinese,
 With many a bell and tawdry rag-on,
 And crested with a sprawling dragon.

A wooden arch is bent astride
 A ditch of water four feet wide,
 With angles, curves, and zigzag lines
 From Halfpenny's exact designs.
 In front a level lawn is seen,
 Without a shrub upon the green;
 Where taste would want its first great law,
 But for the skulking fly Ha-Ha;
 By whose miraculous assistance
 You gain a prospect two fields distance.
 And now from Hyde-park Corner come
 The gods of Athens and of Rome:
 Here squabby Cupids take their places
 With Venus and the clumsy Graces;
 Apollo there, with aim so clever,
 Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
 And there, without the power to fly,
 Stands, fix'd a tip-toe, Mercury.

The villa thus compleatly grac'd,
 All own, that Thrifty has a taste:
 And madam's female friends and cousins,
 With common-council-men, by dozens,
 Flock every Sunday to the seat,
 To stare about them, and to eat.

THE FALL OF CHLOE'S JORDAN.

BY THE LATE MR. JOHN PHILIPS, AUTHOR
OF CYDER, A POEM.

OF wasteful havock and destructive fate
I sing the tragic scene, a mournful tale;
Yet call no slaughtering hero to my aid
To strew my bloodless verse with mangled foes;
A torrent spilt, but not of human gore,
Ruin deform'd, but not of man erect.

O heaven-born muse (for muse I must invoke,
Or mistress fair, for fashion or for need)
Deign to describe the memorable fall
Of Chloe's Jordan; so by mortals nam'd
The vessel was, howe'er uncouth the sound,
But veil'd by modest maids in gentler terms:
Like Rome, the mistress of the world, it fell,
From its own greatness only not secure.

Say first, what colours stain'd its vaulted fides,
Left harmless bards mistake th' important truth,
And speak as fancy leads, or rhyme directs;
And he that terms it white as silver swans,
And spotless innocence, and new-fallen snow
That spreads its plumes on Atlas bleaky head,
Shall suffer blemish in the wrong compare.
Another humorous sports and jeers its hue

Earthly

Earthly and coarse, of substance indigest :
 How oft are men, by devious error led
 To wander various, wide alike from truth !
 A sickly-pale languish'd on th' inner round,
 Such as betrays the want of love-sick maids,
 Foe to the rosy cheek, and coral lip,
 But flies the lusty touch of warmer man,
 And beauty re-assumes its native seat.
 Smooth were its sides, but from the bottom rose
 A manly head emboss'd, for hero meant,
 No question, fam'd for arms and antique stem.
 Such honours the well-meaning vulgar pay
 To fame of gallant men, and waste their skill
 On high-hung signs, and earth of homely hue.
 What blushes did the virile image cost
 The harmless maid, fearful lest so employ'd,
 The amorous stone should soften into life :
 As erst Pygmalion's marble mistress chang'd
 Her Parian substance by less motive sway'd.

Without, the cerulous dye bestrew'd the urn,
 And on the swelling surface, Flora's pride,
 The lilly, and the gaudy tulip smil'd,
 Fed with the briny nectar it contain'd.
 One handle held the vessel, arch'd and smooth,
 But for its weighty office far unfit :
 Here weakness lurk'd in comely form disguis'd,
 Hence the sad source and root of all our woe :
 Imprudent man too often trusts his fate

To one smooth friend, who shrinks when nearly tried.
 The unsuspecting fair-one never fail'd
 At morn and eve to dew its spacious womb,
 At morn her first, at eve her latest act;
 How often has it flow'd with maiden streams
 Fam'd for rare virtues, and but seldom found!
 'Twas with this magic stream Diana spread
 The branchy horns on bold Aëtaon's brow:
 The well e'er-since a secret power retains
 On human foreheads antlers to convey.
 'Twas now the heavy period fix'd by fate
 Hasten'd apace with evil mischief fraught.
 'Tis true, no comet stream'd terrific blaze,
 Nor thunder-crack sinistrous roar'd aloud;
 Not but a crazy sound gave certain proof
 Of hidden crack, foreboding wider wounds,
 Yet scap'd suspicion: foresight ever fails
 When unavoided ruin is decreed.
 The feeble sun, array'd with lifeless flames,
 Inn'd at the bearded Goat, and drove his car
 Extinguish'd heavy half the tour of heaven,
 And winter, keen of breath, blew shivering cold
 Around the globe, and hid the voluble streams:
 Some to the chimney's warm protection fly,
 And fright the footy earth with footy tale
 Of sprite nocturnal, or adventurous knight:
 Some bid defiance to th' inclement air,
 Fir'd with the juicy flame of old Falern.

Amidst

Amidst a jovial crew fair Chloe quaff'd
 With loud carouse, till sated nature crav'd
 Timely relax, distent with liquid pain.
 Alone, she lifts the Jordan to her aid,
 And strait a hideous din 'gan roar aloud,
 Wave dash'd on wave, deluge on deluge rowl'd,
 And curl'd the circling eddy to the brim.
 Whole cataracts at once discharg'd fell down
 With violent gush, and drove the deep cascade:
 Till weary of its load the labouring urn
 Flew from its hold, a horrid burst ensues,
 And mangled limbs bestrew the bruised floor.
 Not louder roars the three-edg'd bolt of heaven
 When form'd by Vulcan, or when thrown by Jove.
 Forth from the hideous shreds a tepid sea
 Rolls angry foam, and smokes along the plain.
 Part of the stream, with slow and silent pace,
 Sunk unobserv'd in narrow crannies lost:
 Part murmurs crowding at the portal wide
 Which opes the mazy way, that winding leads
 To th' antient race of earth: protected mice,
 The race exiguous, uninur'd to wet,
 Their mansions quit, and other countries seek.

Thus fell the Jordan, that had long withstood,
 Firm and resolv'd, the shock of mighty waves,
 Which lost their strength, and dash'd her shores in
 vain.

Till,

Till, at th' approach of one impetuous tide,
Fate took th' occasion, and confirm'd its doom.

So the fam'd Edifstone near Plymouth Fort
(Sure mark to wandering ships and lost at night)
Contemn'd the billows tumbling round its sides,
And mock'd their sports, till on a fatal night
The wind blew loud, th' enraged ocean roar'd,
And plung'd the Pharos in the vast abyss.

DR. CONYERS TO DR. EVANS BURSAR,

ON CUTTING DOWN SOME FINE COLLEGE-TREES.

Indulgent Nature to each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes ;
The timorous goose avoids the ravenous fox,
Lambs fly from wolves, and pilots shun the rocks ;
The rogue a gibbet, as his fate, foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees.

THE

THE WANDERING BEAUTY.

BY THE LATE MR. JOHN HUGHES.

THE graces and the wandering loves
Are fled to distant plains,
To chase the fawns, or in deep groves
To wound admiring swains.

With their bright mistresses there they stray,
Who turns her careless eyes
From daily triumphs; yet each day
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
And conquers while she flies.

But see! implor'd by moving prayers,
To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harness'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.

Proud mortals, who this maid pursue,
Think you she'll e'er resign?
Cease, fools, your wishes to renew,
Till she grows flesh and blood like you,
Or you like her divine.

HYMN

H Y M N

ON THE

A P P R O A C H O F M A Y.

Q Ueen of the laughing flower! whose lovely
waist

Fair Spring entwines with her brocaded zone,
Array'd most gorgeous in thy rainbow vest,
With joy descend from thy celestial throne.

Bright, on the skirt of yon cerulean cloud,
In splendid majesty I see her sail,
With lavish hand she fills the lap of earth,
And with her breath perfumes the fanning gale.

Now Flora puts her greenest mantle on,
And Phœbus darts a more enlightning beam,
Rearing his stately neck, the silver swan
Floats lighter on the warm redundant stream.

The stream redundant, fed by gushing springs,
Curls to the pressure of the tepid breeze:
Feeling the force of renovated life,
Nod the green summits of the neighbouring trees.

Sits on its thorn the crimson-blushing rose
And smiles, oh May! to meet thy brilliant eye;
Rude grows the lilly, and unfolds its breast,
White as the fleece, that decks the vernal sky.

The swallow twitters on the chimney top;
The merry martin builds her plaited nest;
And, clos'd within the covert of the hedge,
The loud thrush swells his many-spotted breast.

Perch'd on yon slender pile of bavin-wood,
Too proud to mingle with the fowl below,
Expands the peacock his eye-glittering tail,
Still brighter, as he waves it to and fro.

In this soft season Cupid strings his bow,
And aims his fatal arrows at the heart:
Stung to the quick, the virgin feels the wound,
Yet nourishes the new, the pleasing smart.

In yonder mead the lusty rustic aids
The bonny milkmaid with her cleanly pail,
And ever and anon he charms her air
With "lovely Bett," or "Nanny of the Vale."

In nature's artless language he reveals,
True to the blushing maid, his genuine flame:
A lovelier hue adorns her comely face:
How far more different is the blush of shame!

The nymph, approving of his love sincere,
 Consents the nuptial union shall be tied :
 The rites perform'd, what extasies ensue !
 He the gay bridegroom, she the happy bride.
 Peace, guardian Peace, sits smiling at their door,
 Where-e'er they walk, Contentment marks the
 way :
 Constant Good-humour cloaths their honest minds,
 And every morning of their life is May.

O D E T O H E A L T H.

Daugther of Exercise! at whose command
 Mirth spreads a smile upon the cheek of Care:
 At whose re-kindling breath
 Sicknefs looks up, and lives:
 Say! where (for much thy haunts I long to woo)
 Shall I thy joy-infusing prefence hail,
 Amidft what fylvan fcenes,
 Or unfrequented plains?
 Say! when the rofeate finger of the morn
 Points out the glories of her fhort-liv'd reign,
 Shall I thy fteps purfue,
 Climbing the mountain's fide,
 From whose tall brow, in eminence fuperb,
 Fair Nature views her fruitful vales below,
 While Phœbus darts around
 His oriental eye?
 Or fhall I trace thy veltige o'er the heath,
 Where, in derifion of the florift's aid,
 Shoots up, untaught by art,
 The voluntary flower?
 For well, 'tis known, that oft upon the heath
 In contemplation, devious art thou feen,
 Or panting up the fteep
 Of un-imprinted hill.

Or,

Or, when cool evening, in her floating vest,
 Sweeps o'er the lawns, diffusing shadowy pomp,
 And bids the sun recline
 On Amphitrite's breast,
 I will attend thee to the solemn grove,
 Where love stands registred on every tree,
 Where the rook rocks his young,
 And Echo learns to caw.
 Or, standing on the margent of the stream,
 I will survey thee on the passive wave,
 Then press the liquid bed,
 To meet thy naiad kiss.
 O tell me, nymph, thy chosen residence,
 Be it on mountain top, or forest wild,
 And I will consecrate
 A temple to thee there.

A S O N G

FOR THE

PARK AT HIGH MALL.

BY A LADY.

YE foplings, and prigs, and ye wou'd-be-smart
 Who move in wide commerce's round, [things,
 Pray tell me from whence this absurdity springs,
 All orders of rank to confound.
 What means the bag-wig, and the soldier-like air,
 On the tradesman obsequious and meek?
 Sure sabbaths were meant for retirement and prayer
 To amend the past faults of the week.

The youth, to whom battles and dangers belong,
 May call a fierce look to his aid;
 Lace, bluster, and oaths, and a sword an ell long,
 Are samples he gives of his trade;
 But you on whom London indulgently smiles,
 And whom counters should guard from all ills,
 Should sily invade with humility's wiles,
 Left splendor deter us from bills.

Old

Old Gresham, whose statue adorns the Exchange,
 Displays the true cit to our view,
 And silently frowns on a conduct so strange,
 So remote from your interests and you ;
 Then learn from his gesture grave, decent, and plain,
 To copy fair Prudence's rules,
 For Frugality's garb will conceal your vast gain,
 And secure you the plunder of fools.

The ease of a court, and the air of a camp,
 Are graces no cit can procure :
 * Monf. Jourdain still trots in the Spittlefields tramp,
 Nor can Hart the grown awkwardness cure.
 Thus, if apes of the fashion St. James's you croud,
 Pressing onwards in spite of all stops,
 The Mall you may fill, and be airy and loud,
 But, trust me, you'll ne'er fill your shops.

• Vide Molière's Gentleman Citizen.

VERSES

V E N Y R. O F S. E. S

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF IN LORD ORRERY'S
REMARKS ON THE LIFE OF DEAN SWIFT.

BY THE SAME.

HAil noble Critic! whose pervading mind
The dazzling beams of genius cannot blind:
Whose steady eye, and equal hand detects,
In spite of wit, humanity's defects;
O say! what cause impell'd thee thus to scan
Foibles that shame the Dean, and sink the man?
The sacred veil, whose texture genius wrought,
To shade from public view each latent fault,
Long consecrate its wondrous power retain'd,
Tho' Envy rag'd, and Faction stalk'd unchain'd;
But, what no foe had dar'd, (tho' malice fir'd)
Thy cooler warmth, O friendship! hath inspir'd;
For thee alone reserv'd the arduous task,
Severely thus his errors to unmask.

Ah hapless Swift! whose nakedness of mind.
Another Ham displays to all mankind;
Arise! and vindicate thy injur'd fame,
Arise! and curse the author of thy shame:
Avenge this flagrant breach of friendship's rules,
Change nature's laws, and curse his race with fools.

PRO-

PROLOGUE TO THE GRATEFUL FAIR,

A COMEDY INTENDED FOR THE STAGE.

BY MR. SMART.

IN antient days (as jovial Horace sings).
 When laurell'd bards were lawgivers and kings,
 Bold was the comic muse, without restraint,
 To name the vicious, and the vice to paint;
 Th' enliven'd picture from the canvas flew,
 And the strong likeness crouded on the view.
 Our author practises more general rules,
 He is no niggard of his knaves and fools:
 Both small and great, both dull and pert he shews,
 That every gentleman may pick and chuse.
 The laws dramatic tho' he scarcely knows
 Of time and place, and all the piteous prose,
 Which pedant Frenchmen snuffle thro' their nose. }
 Fools!—who prescribe what Homer should have
 Like tattling watches they correct the sun. [done,
 Critics—like posts—undoubtedly may show
 The way to Pindus—but they cannot go.
 For to delight and elevate the mind,
 To heaven-directed genius is assign'd.
 When-e'er immortal Shakespear's works we read,
 He wins the heart, before he strikes the head.

Swift to the soul the piercing image flies
 More swift than Celia's wit, or Celia's eyes,
 More swift than some romantic traveller's thought,
 More swift than British fire, when William fought.
 Fancy precedes and conquers all the mind,
 Deliberating judgment slowly lags behind,
 Comes to the field with blunderbuss and gun,
 Like heavy Falstaff, when the work is done,
 Fights, when the battle's o'er, with wondrous pain
 By Shrewsbury clock — and nobly slays the slain.
 But critic censures are beneath his care,
 Who strives to please the honest and the fair :
 Their approbation is much more than fame,
 He speaks — he writes — he breathes not — but for
 them.

ON

ON MOTHER GRIFFITHS.

THE race of critics, till of late, were grac'd
 With reading, learning, judgment, sense, and
 And none e'er dar'd usurp that noble name, [taste:
 But who, as authors, had establish'd fame;
 By envy never, nor by spite misled,
 And, tho' strict judges, they were still well-bred:
 But now, oh shame to Britain, and the muse!
 Dame Griffiths writes her infamous Reviews,
 Who to no requisite can make pretence
 Of learning, genius, judgment, taste, or sense;
 Yet with the rancour of a cursed elf,
 She damns all works—but what she prints herself:
 Thus modern Methodists, with foolish pride,
 Save their own sect, and deem all damn'd beside;
 To cobbler-parsons weaver-priests succeed,
 And preach that Gospel which they cannot read.

TAURUS.

CON-

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E N D O F V O L. I V.

